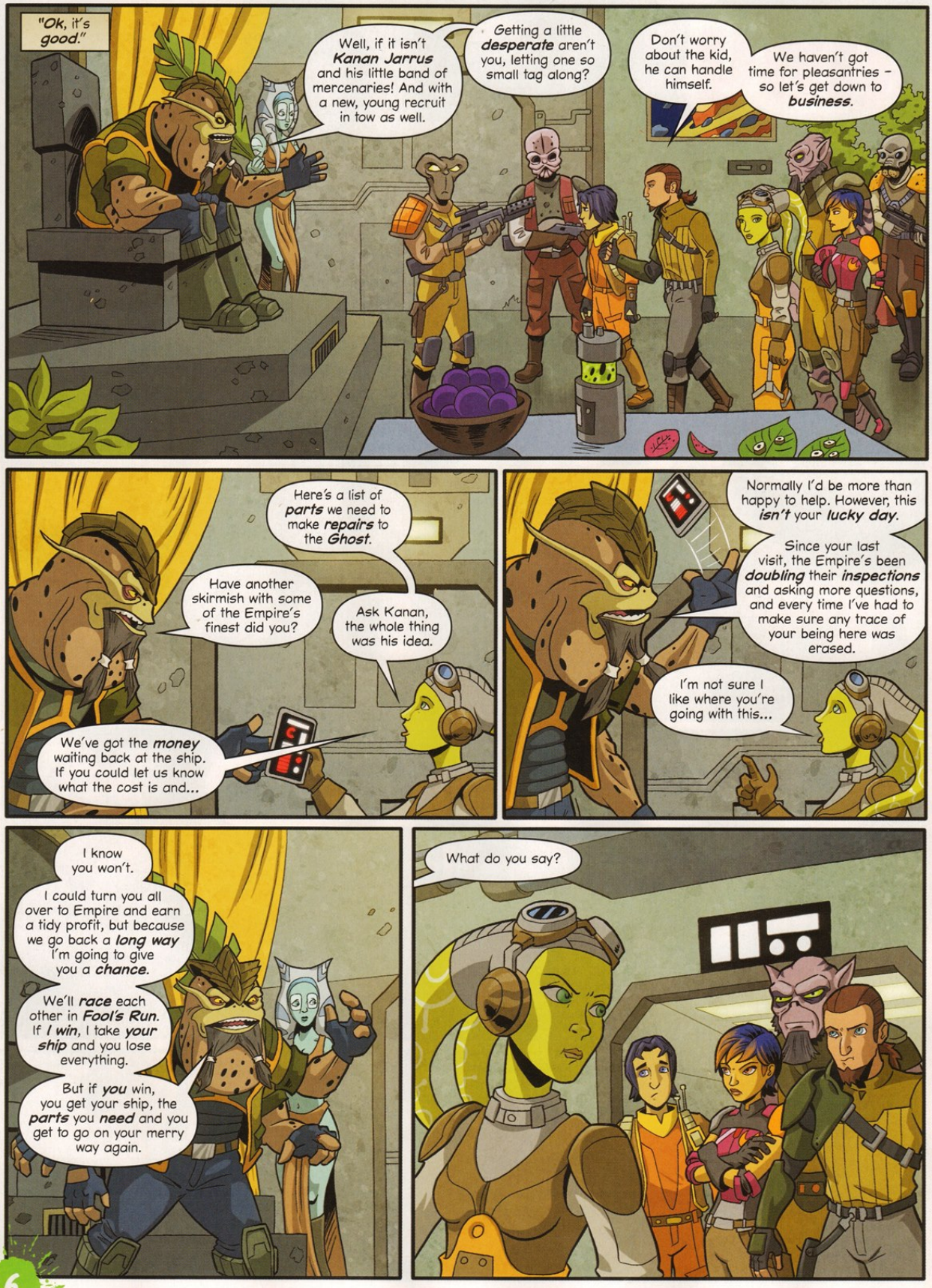

STAR
WARS
REBELS

Ring Race


"Welcome to *Osisis Station*, Ezra. The last port of call for those living on the down side in the *Regani sector*."
"Oh, and us."
Writer: MARTIN FISHER
Artist: BOB MOLESWORTH
Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL
Nice place. I see that cleaners aren't in great demand.
Any of that artwork *yours*, *Sabine*?
Not yet, but *one day soon*...
The station's owned by *Galus Vez*, a unpleasant Besalisk who manages to "obtain" spare ship parts through discreet channels – parts which we now need to fix the *Ghost*.
If you flew a little bit better we wouldn't have gotten *damaged* in the first place.
Really? So says the guy whose idea it was to raid an Imperial supply yard and who *couldn't hit* a TIE fighter ten meters away.
Hey, I got them all... *eventually*.
With a little *help* from *Chopper* and *me*.
That's weird – Vez doesn't usually leave the door open like this.
Please tell me that's *good*.


"Ok, it's good."
Well, if it isn't Kanan Jarrus and his little band of mercenaries! And with a new, young recruit in tow as well.
Getting a little desperate aren't you, letting one so small tag along?
Don't worry about the kid, he can handle himself.
We haven't got time for pleasantries – so let's get down to business.
Here's a list of parts we need to make repairs to the Ghost.
Have another skirmish with some of the Empire's finest did you?
Ask Kanan, the whole thing was his idea.
We've got the money waiting back at the ship. If you could let us know what the cost is and...
Normally I'd be more than happy to help. However, this isn't your lucky day.
Since your last visit, the Empire's been doubling their inspections and asking more questions, and every time I've had to make sure any trace of your being here was erased.
I'm not sure I like where you're going with this...
I know you won't.
I could turn you all over to Empire and earn a tidy profit, but because we go back a long way I'm going to give you a chance.
We'll race each other in Fool's Run. If I win, I take your ship and you lose everything.
But if you win, you get your ship, the parts you need and you get to go on your merry way again.
What do you say?


How about I go up there and make a deal of my own!?
Not now, Zeb.
Hera, you can't make that kind of a deal.
I think I can, K'anan.
I accept your offer, Vez. But no laser usage in there. Agreed?
Agreed.
I thought you would say yes. See you out in the rocks.
A few minutes later.
Shoulda let me go up there and had a quiet word or two with him.
If I'd known Hera was going to say yes I might have let you.
I had no choice. Vez threatened all of us and you know he would have turned us over to the Empire for the money.
Even with our current damage I can beat this guy. I know I can.
What's Fool's Run?
Vez's private race course, in between the asteroids that make up the planet's rings. It's very difficult.
But Hera's a great pilot. If anyone can pull this off, she can.
Ezra - no one's ever beaten Vez on this course.
Believe me, thousands have tried and all have failed.


You believe Hera can win, don't you, Kanan?
She can win, the question is will Vez play fair or not.
But if she doesn't, or Vez has something else in mind, I've got a back-up plan. Just in case.
This is the Splendour standing-by. You still want to do this, Twi'lek?
Oh I'm ready, Four-Arms. If you like, I'll give you a head start.
Remember, no guns allowed.
I'll remember.
That doesn't mean I can't use anything else though.
Let's get this race won. You ready, Chopper?
BLOP BAWW WAWWW BAA-AWWP!
I'll take that as a yes.
And...
Go!!
WHOOOOOSH!!


So Vez thinks he's going to stay in front does he?
Time for a little *fancy flying*.
WAA-BWAAP?
BAAA-WAAA-WAA-BADAWP!
Just like that!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10!




Ezra, join with me.
Concentrate. Use the Force...
Let's give Hera some help.
WHOA!!!
VVZZING!!
It doesn't matter...
This race is all but won now!


What!?


This isn't right!

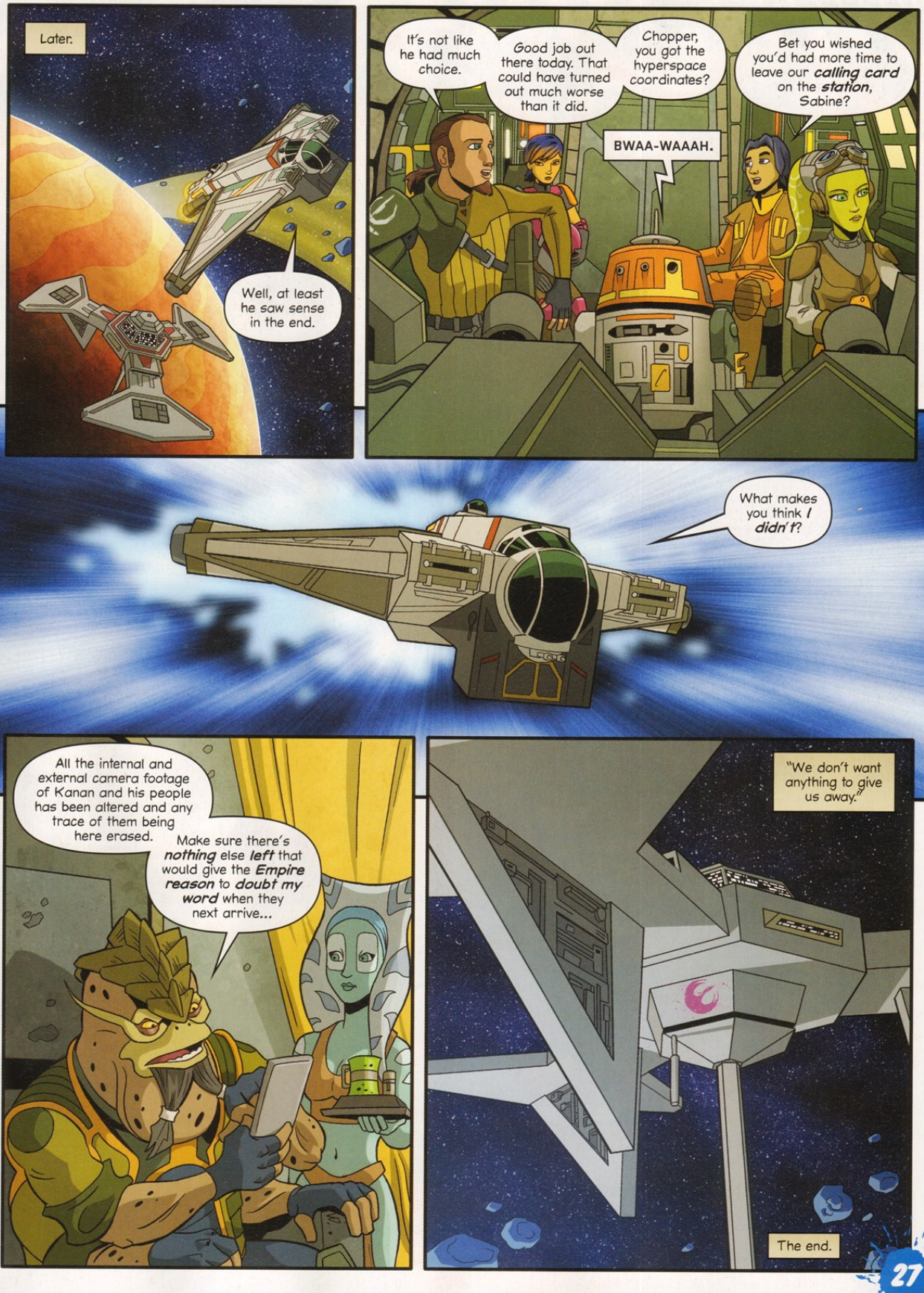

Winner - The Ghost!


Did you happen to go back and boost the power to the engines when I needed the stabilisers fixed?
BOP BWAAA BOP.


I'm going to make Kanan and his lot pay for this!


Hera won the race, even though you had other ideas.
How dare you...
Save it, Four-Arms. We know about the hidden asteroid thruster – so give us the parts and we'll be on our way.
You have some nerve, giving me orders on my station.
I think I'm going to hand you over to the Imperials, as I should have done in the first place. Now hands up – all of you!
I said hands up! Are you all deaf?!
Yeah, we have selective hearing.
I'm not seeing this back-up plan yet.
You will.
PAT PAT
KABOOM!
What in the name of...


KICK!
VISMM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
Spectre-1 to Spectre-5, how you doing?
We're having the *usual fun*.
One cargo ship taken out and *explosives placed* on the other two when you're ready.
I also had a "quiet" word with the guards. They listened quickly.
I thought they might.
Lesson one: disarm people before they come in. Lesson two should be obvious.
Let me guess what you want.
You give us the parts we need or we blow up your cargo ships. Your choice.


Later.
Well, at least he saw sense in the end.
It's not like he had much choice.
Good job out there today. That could have turned out much worse than it did.
Chopper, you got the hyperspace coordinates?
Bet you wished you'd had more time to leave our calling card on the station, Sabine?
BWAA-WAAAH.
What makes you think I didn't?
All the internal and external camera footage of Kanan and his people has been altered and any trace of them being here erased.
Make sure there's nothing else left that would give the Empire reason to doubt my word when they next arrive...
"We don't want anything to give us away."
The end.

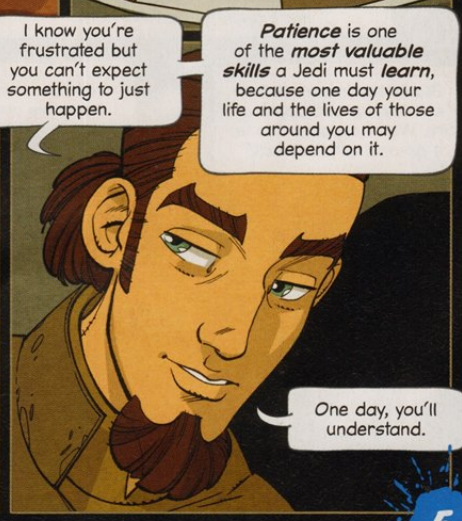
Learning Patience







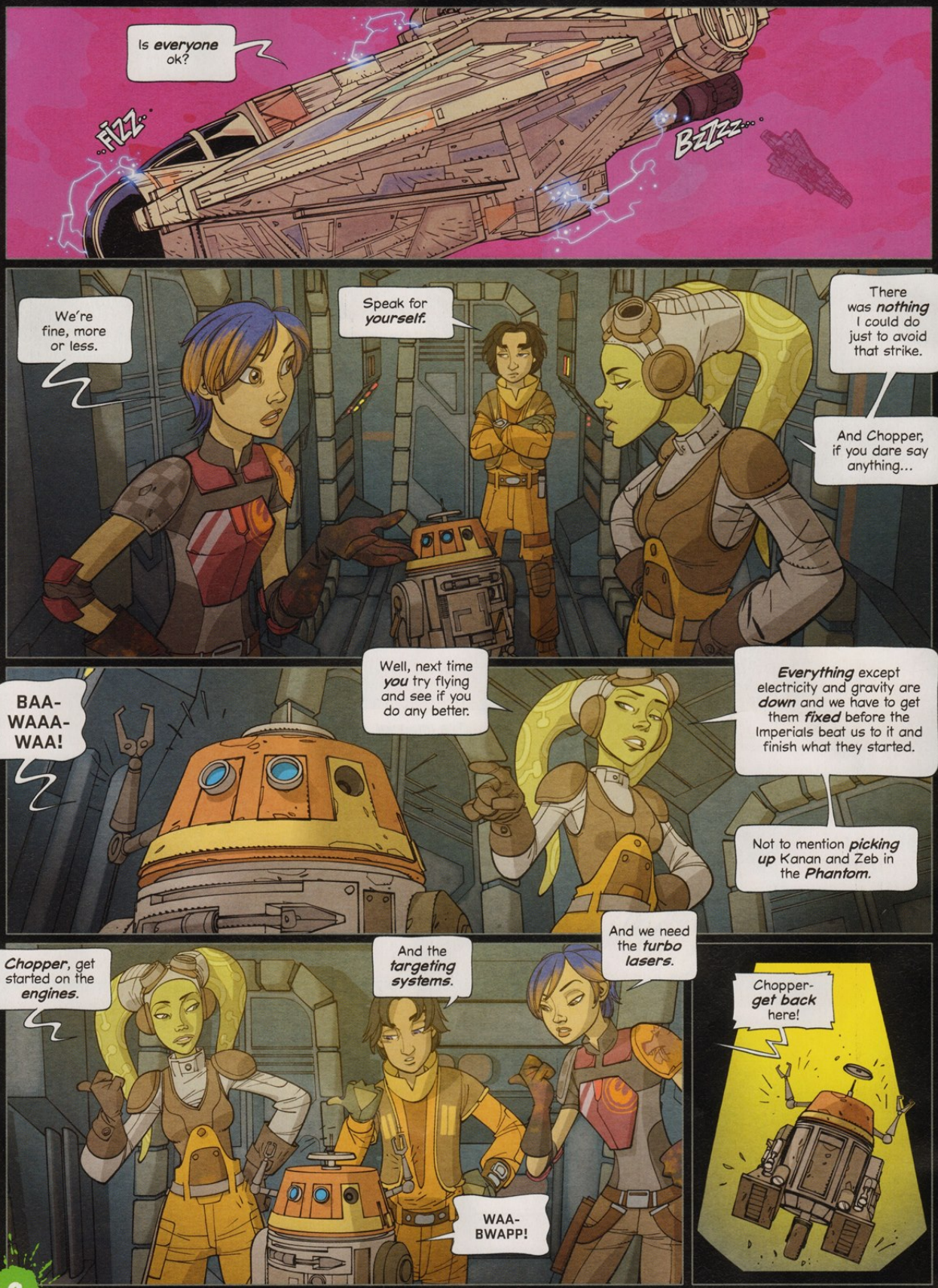




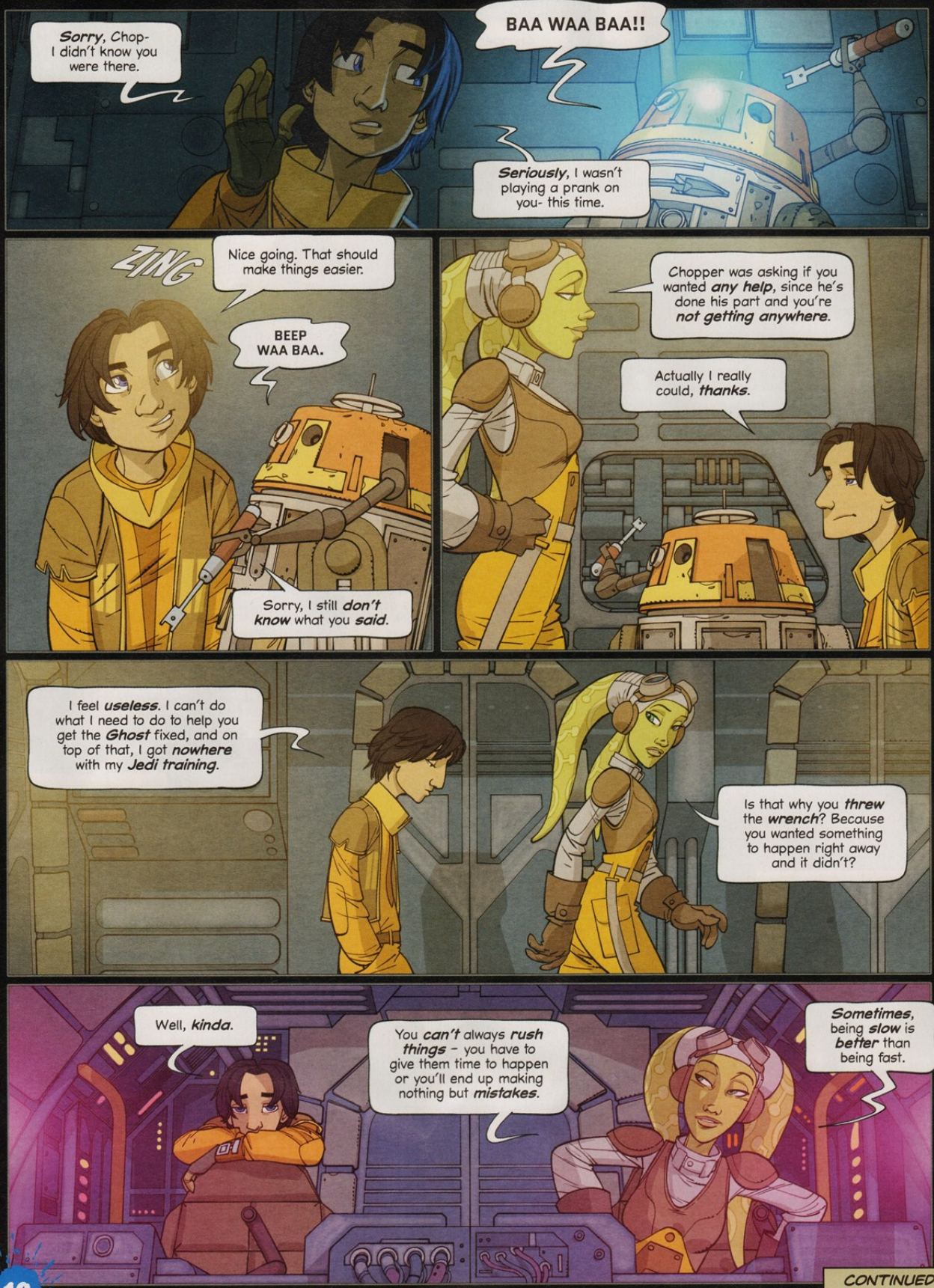
Author: MARTIN FISHER, Artist: INGO RÖMLING, Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


The next day.
Err, Hera – aren't we a little close?
FWAP
ZAP
FZAP!
Not close enough, Sabine.
Let 'em *have* it!
BOOM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
No damage! Their *shields* are *holding*!
Just our luck.
You know, I really wasn't looking for any trouble while *Kanan* and *Zeb* were away in the *Phantom*.
Blame the Imperials for showing up and opening fire. Was I supposed to let it go and not fire back?
Ok, you can have this one.
Hera, you know we have *TIE fighters incoming* right?!
EEEEE!
I know and I've got a *plan*.


We'll *lose* them in this ion storm.
Everyone *buckle up*! There's no way to predict the lightning in there.
VADOOM!
VZING!
KABOOM!
The *Imperial freighter's losing control*, Hera. You're all clear.
Good work, Sabine.
We're getting *out* of here.
ZAP!
FFRRZZZZZ!


Is everyone ok?
FIZZ
BZZZZ...
We're fine, more or less.
Speak for yourself.
There was nothing I could do just to avoid that strike.
And Chopper, if you dare say anything...
BAA-WAAA-WAA!
Well, next time you try flying and see if you do any better.
Everything except electricity and gravity are down and we have to get them fixed before the Imperials beat us to it and finish what they started.
Not to mention picking up Kanan and Zeb in the Phantom.
Chopper, get started on the engines.
And the targeting systems.
And we need the turbo lasers.
WAA-BWAPP!
Chopper- get back here!

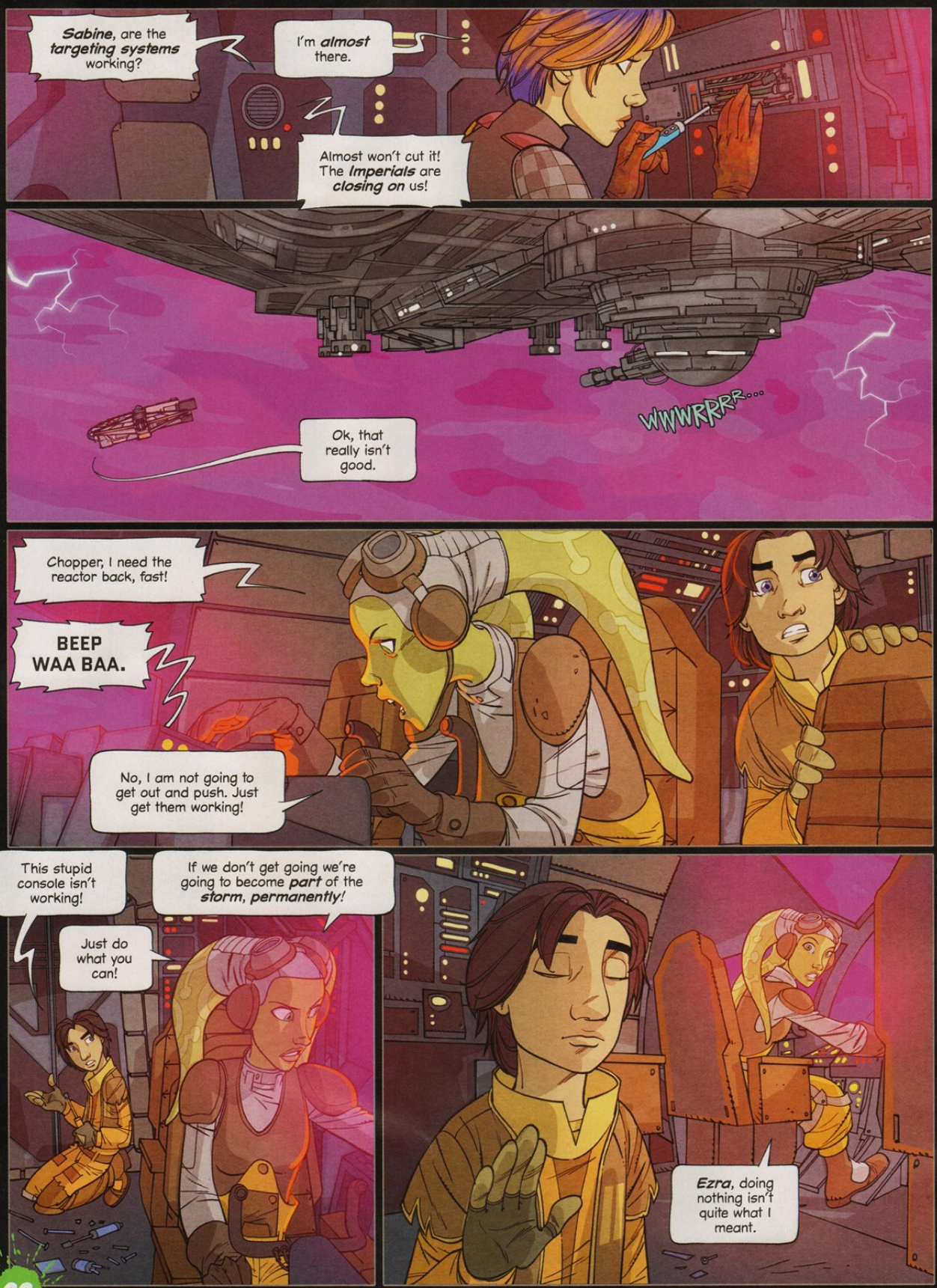

HMMMMMMMM.....
Great, that's just what we needed.
Chopper, did you know *that* was going to *happen*?
BEEP BOOP.
Thanks for not *warning me*.
Ok, here's the plan...
Sabine, you fix the *targeting systems*.
Chopper, you handle the *reactor*.
Ezra, get ready to reconnect the *power grid* once Chopper is done while I work on the engines.
But, *Hera*...
No time to *argue*, Ezra. Get going, fast!
A short time later.
Will you please just fit!
Just... undo... or... I'm... going... to...
This is so annoying!
Why won't you just work!
CLANG!



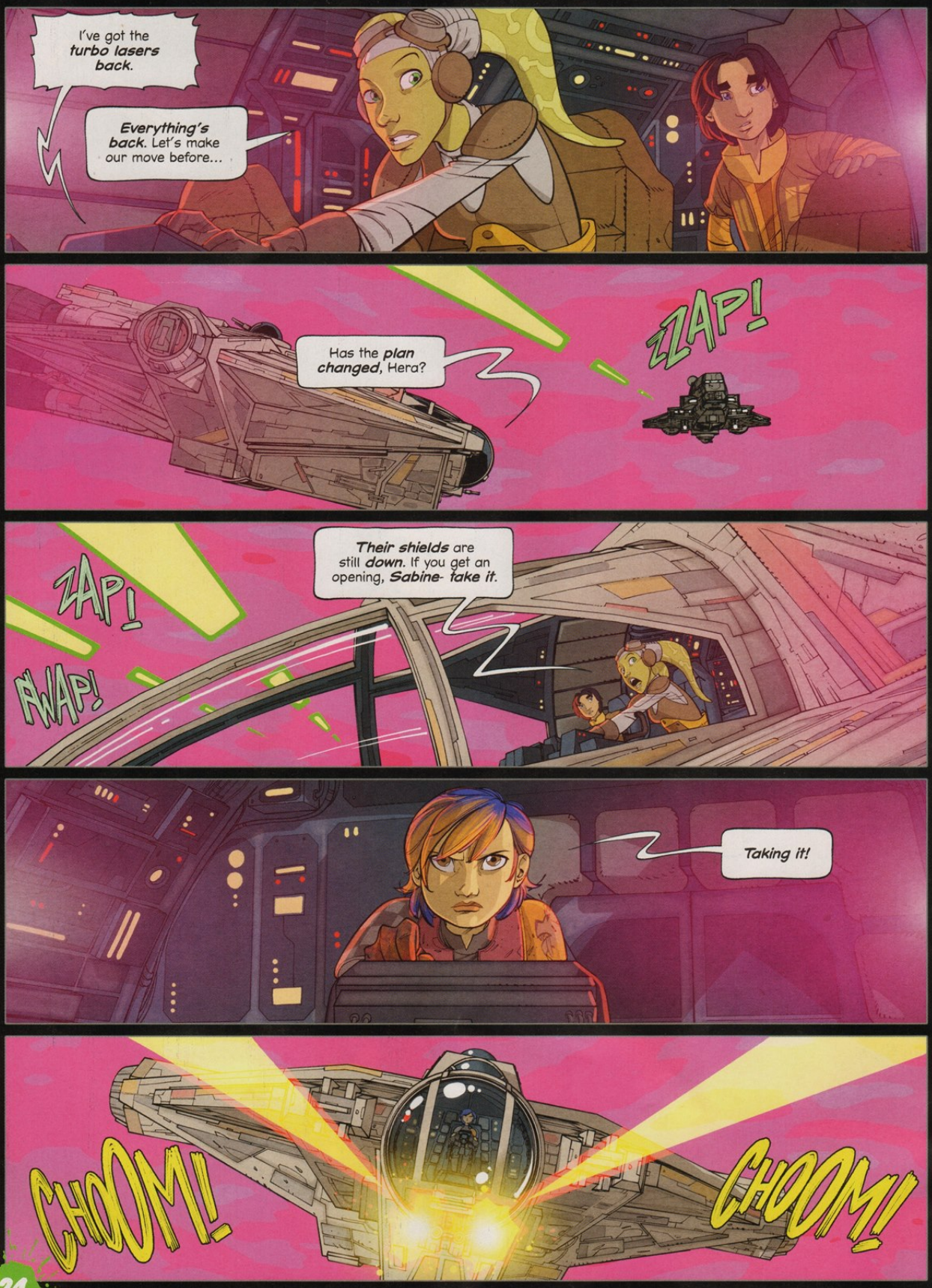
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Sabine, are the targeting systems working?
I'm almost there.
Almost won't cut it! The Imperials are closing on us!
WWWRRRR...
Ok, that really isn't good.
Chopper, I need the reactor back, fast!
BEEP WAA BAA.
No, I am not going to get out and push. Just get them working!
This stupid console isn't working!
If we don't get going we're going to become part of the storm, permanently!
Just do what you can!
Ezra, doing nothing isn't quite what I meant.


Hera, my work is done but I can't fire anything until Ezra's finished.
Oh, I don't want to alarm anyone, but that freighter is powering up its laser cannons.
I know, I can see it.
Ezra, we need this now!
Oh.
...
There – how's that?


I've got the turbo lasers back.
Everything's back. Let's make our move before...
Has the plan changed, Hera?
ZZAP!
Their shields are still down. If you get an opening, Sabine- take it.
ZAP!
KWAP!
Taking it!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!

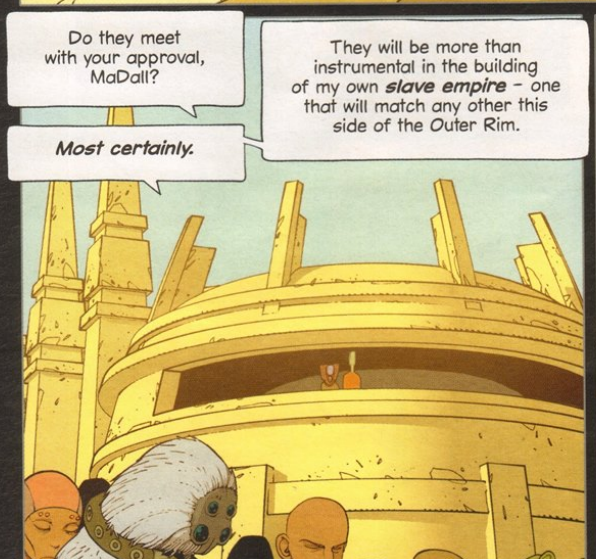

The freighter's *sustained* heavy damage to its hull and main reactor.
She's going to *explode.*
Now to pick up where we left off!
KABOOM!
That was a *close* one. Next time, let's not cut it so fine.
Ezra?
I remembered about what *you* and *Kanan* said about *patience.* And when I *let* my *mind go, everything* just fell into *place.*
It was like I *wanted* it to *happen* and *it did,* without trying too hard.
So, how'd he do it?
Speaking of Kanan, we have a *rendezvous* to make.
Let's hope his *mission* was a *success.*


Welcome back, love. What did we *miss*?
Not much. One *big bang* followed by the *wreckage* of a *destroyed Imperial transmission centre*.
I *wish* I could have *been there*. Was the *explosion*...
As *colourful* as always? *Yeah*, and then some. You'd have *loved* it.
Did you *miss me, kid*?
Hey, *get off*!
No, I *didn't* and *couldn't* you have *gotten rid* of that *smell* before returning?
I *kept it* on, just *for you*.
So, what did we *miss here*? Did you get into any *trouble* without us?
Oh, we did... you know, *this* and *that*?
What does "this and that" mean?
Have some *patience, Kanan*...
We'll tell you *soon enough*.
THE END!

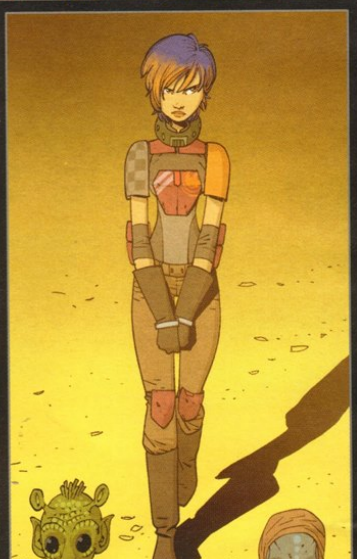
Return of the Slavers











Author: MARTIN FISHER • Artist: INGO RÖMLING • Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


On Lothal.
Spectre-1 to Spectre-4, any sign of her?
Keep looking, Zeb – she has to be around here somewhere.
Not literally, unless you count the graffiti she did I saw being cleaned off the walls...
"Swipe the Imperial Academy's new recruits list and get out". That's all I asked and we end up on a wild bantha chase.
If the Empire captured her or something else happened...
We can't think about that or make assumptions until we find evidence.
She's out there, I know it.
Spectre-6 to Spectre-1. I've got something just around the corner from your location. Get here ASAP.
!!
I think this is Sabine's.
It could be anyone's airbrush. Sorry kid, it doesn't really help.
Oh yeah...
I bet it is Sabine's and she's there – wherever that is.
Does that help?


You appear to be quite the *artist*. Such *talent* for one so young.
And such a *fine specimen*. I was told you didn't put up much of a fight on Lothal.
What can I say? I just wanted to give my *captors* a *chance* before I showed my *true colours*.
AAHHHH!!!!
FFRRRZZZZ!
Your insolence is not appreciated!
Let me remind you *who* you're talking to!
I am your *master* and *you* are my *slave* and there is no hope of escape for you from this place.
We'll see about that.
What?
I said I'm sorry. I don't need reminding.
Clear up this mess you've made and bring me some new food.
Being my slave is far *better* than *serving* the *Empire*. You'll be treated far better.
Right now I *don't see* a *difference* between you and them.
Believe me, you will.


Time to see who else is in here.
Ok...
This is even worse than I first thought.
Looks like I've got more than my work cut out for me.


KLOK!
Huh?
Shush!
Its OK – I'm here to help. I'll find a way out for all of you.
You, up there – what are you doing!
Stop where you are!
Maybe this wasn't such a great idea.
Someone activate her collar!
AAAHH!!!
FFRRTZZ!!
I have... to find...
...
...
a way...
to stop that...


You thought you could outsmart us, little skug! Now you're going to regret running.
It doesn't matter... what you do to me. Use the shock collar as many times as you like – I'll never submit!
We'll see about that!
Enough!
You will release the slave into my custody. We need to have a private discussion about what happened.
As you wish, mistress.
Should I thank you for that?
You should be grateful. I'm allowing you to live. The last slave that went against me didn't survive much longer to see the error of their ways.
Forgive me if I don't agree with you.
Why can't you simply learn that what I'm offering is a simple, rewarding life? Resistance is useless – a lesson you need to learn fast.
I am learning...
I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one.
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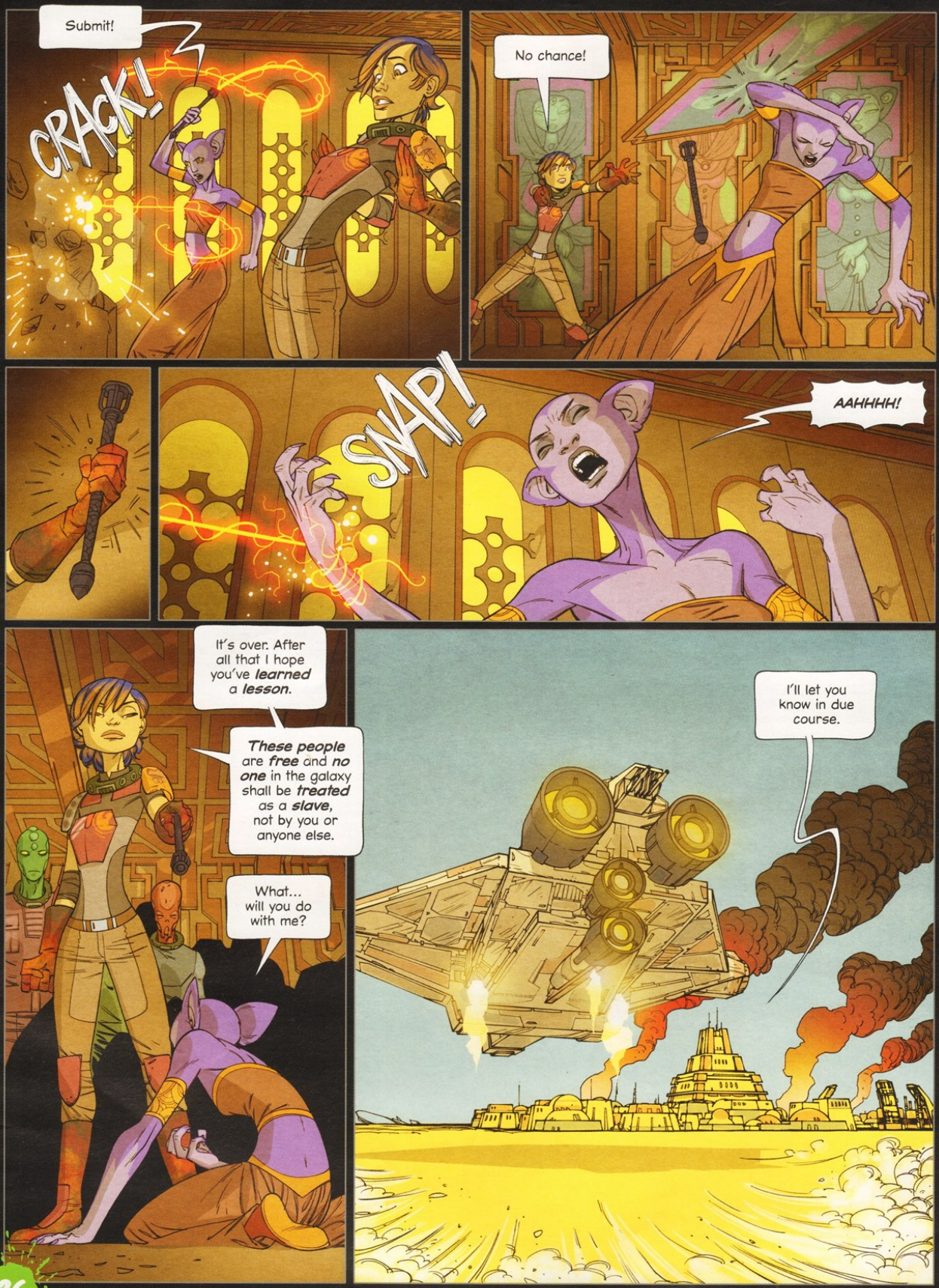
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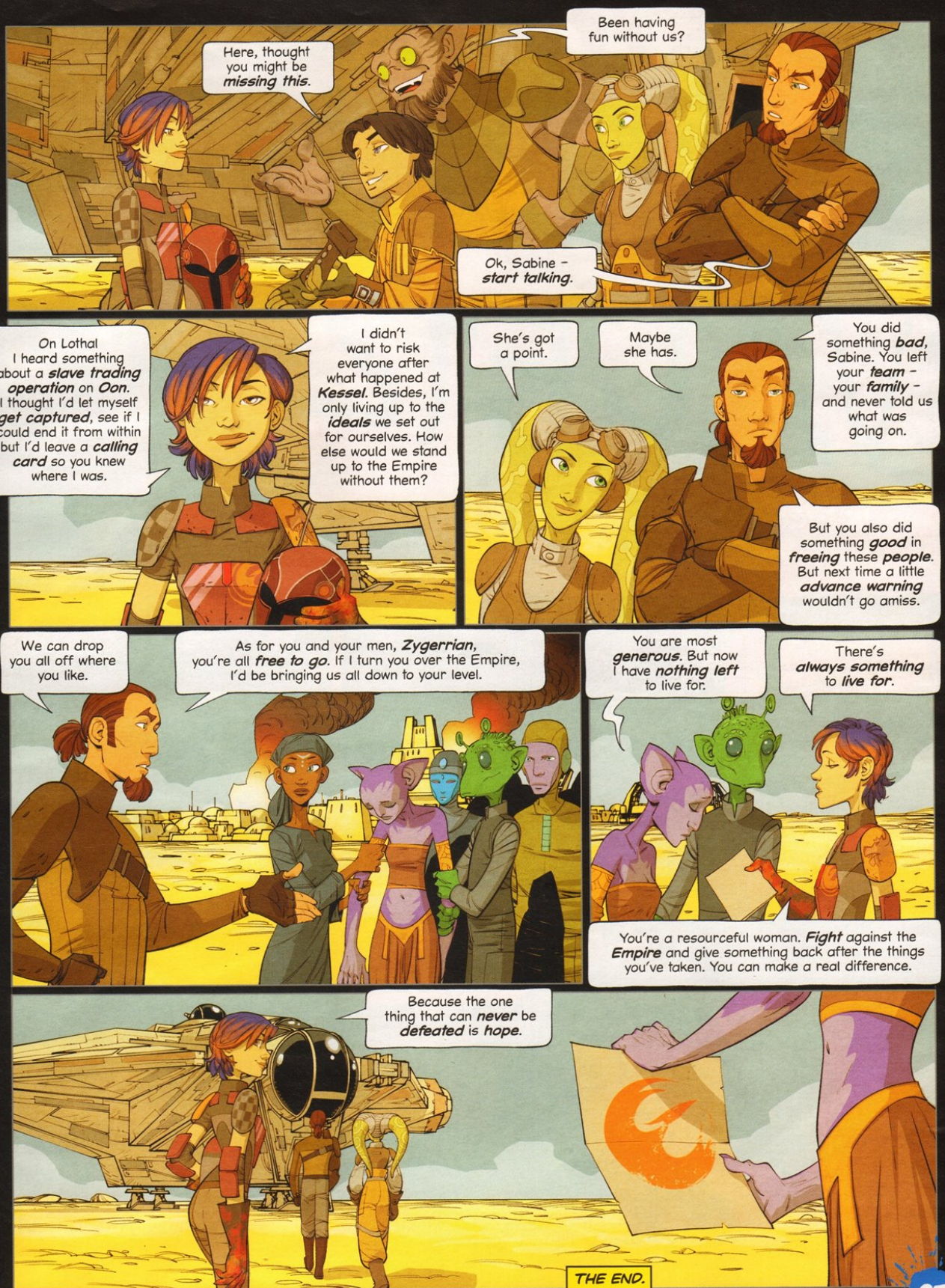



I hope this works...
CRACK!
AHH!
A short time later.
Stop what you are doing, slave!
I can release us from their control. We can all be free.
CRACK
Activate her collar.
The collar – it doesn't work.
CLICK! CLICK!
We're no longer slaves.
Everyone, fight for your freedom!
WHOOM! WHOOM!
What's going on?
WHOOM! WHOOM!
Sounds like someone's been learning.


What I like to do best – inspire.
What have you done?
Yes, you do have that effect.
Shock collar not working?
Oh, that's right – I deactivated it when you were sleeping. I always do my best work when you're not awake.
You're going to regret this.
Maybe – maybe not.
Like I said before, I wanted to give you a chance before I showed my true colors – so here it is.
And watch something happen when I turn this on?
What kind of a fool do you take me for?
You'll see in a second.
KABOOM!


Get MaDall.
Bring her to *justice!*
There is no justice, only obedience!
WHIP!
I've got this.
Looks like your empire is about to crumble, MaDall. ***Surrender.***
You people have bested my men, but you have yet to ***best me!***
If you can ***claim victory*** in close combat, then you would have ***earned*** your so called ***freedom.***
What do you say?
Accepted!
CRACK!
WHIP!
WTISH!


Submit!
CRACK!
No chance!
SNAP!
AAHHHH!
It's over. After all that I hope you've *learned* a *lesson*.
These people are *free* and *no one* in the galaxy shall be *treated* as a *slave*, not by you or anyone else.
What... will you do with me?
I'll let you know in due course.


Here, thought you might be *missing this*.
Been having fun without us?
Ok, Sabine – *start talking*.
On Lothal I heard something about a *slave trading operation* on *Oon*. I thought I'd let myself *get captured*, see if I could end it from within but I'd leave a *calling card* so you knew where I was.
I didn't want to risk everyone after what happened at *Kessel*. Besides, I'm only living up to the *ideals* we set out for ourselves. How else would we stand up to the Empire without them?
She's got a point.
Maybe she has.
You did something *bad*, Sabine. You left your *team* – your *family* – and never told us what was going on.
But you also did something *good* in *freeing* these *people*. But next time a little *advance warning* wouldn't go amiss.
We can drop you all off where you like.
As for you and your men, *Zygerrian*, you're all *free to go*. If I turn you over the Empire, I'd be bringing us all down to your level.
You are most *generous*. But now I have *nothing left* to live for.
There's *always something* to *live for*.
You're a resourceful woman. *Fight* against the *Empire* and give something back after the things you've taken. You can make a real difference.
Because the one thing that can *never* be *defeated* is *hope*.
THE END.



Author: MARTIN FISHER • Artist: INGO RÖMLING • Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


She's been *poisoned* – just like the others.
Is there anything we can do?
I *analysed* the *poison* and there is a *synthesised drug* that can *reverse* the *effects* – unfortunately there's none of it here.
I bet you can guess where the only source is.
Capital City. With the *Empire.*
How long does she have?
A *few hours*. A full day if she's strong enough, but we'll figure out something. There'll be an operation in place soon.
I *only* wanted to *help her* but now she's like this, and it's all *because of me.*
None of us could have known what happened to the cargo.
This *isn't your fault*, Zeb. And I don't want you to do what I know you're thinking about doing – understood?
No promises, mate.


Some time later.
We're doing everything we can. You'll all be better soon, I promise.
WAP-WAP-WAA!!
OOWW!!
BANG!
Kanan, we've got a problem.
Yeah, I'm about to do something to Chopper...
Zeb's gone, and so is the Phantom.
That fool...
Why did he do this? I thought there was an operation being planned.
For Zeb this is personal. He feels he's made a mistake.
And he's going to do everything he can to make up for it.


Right, then. If I was holding the *antidote* to a poison, *where* would I keep it?
A *medical facility*, where else?
Hopefully this won't be too difficult...
Make that a bit difficult.
I never minded more of a *challenge*.
You there, *stop!*
I've just got a quick question.
Does my fist look strong enough to knock you out?
Thought so.
WHACK!


WWRRR...
!
BOOM!
EEEEEEE
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
That's it – hit your own buildings!
Do as much damage as you like!
CHOOM!!
BAM!
On second thought...
You don't have to shoot if you don't want too.
WHAAPP!
WHAAPP!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10!




Then maybe you should look again!
!
KNOCK!
KICK!
OOFFFFF!!
AAHHH!!
FRRRITZZ!
You are exactly where you should be – all alone with no one to save you this time. At least now I have the pleasure of finishing what I started.
If you have any *last words* I suggest you *say them*.
I have... nothing to say... to someone... as honourless... as you...
?
I have something *to say*.
Zeb will *never* be *alone*.


ZZPAF!
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
Take them down!
You know the plan – move!
Could do with a few less troopers shooting at us.
FZAP!
POW
WHAP!
WHAP!
BANG!
Chopper, how you doing with that walker?
ZZWAP
ZPOW!
ZAP
BAW-WAP-BAW!
KABOOM!
FWAP
Spectre-4, time to go!
POW!
Don't go – we're not through yet.


AAHHHH!
We gotta stop meeting like this...
I won't disagree.
ZAP!
FWAP!
Spectre-5, Spectre-6, we're leaving!
Spectre-2 to Spectre-1, I've got the Phantom and Spectre-3 is on his way.
We're on the move.
Looks like I saved your life again.
I'm not owing you this time, kid.
You can owe me if you want.
ZAP!
CRAK
POW..
ZZTT!
CHOOM!
WHOOSHH
CHOOM!


A short time later.
When are you going to learn that you don't have to do things on your own!?
This time I had to.
I'm sorry but it was my fault and my responsibility. I couldn't just sit here and watch her die.
Let's hope it was all worth it.
Mindiz, it's Zeb. I'm here.
Come on, kid. Please say something.
Zeb... this that... you?
It's me. How you feeling?
I've... been better... what happened?
Someone tried to take you away from us, but I promise you that will never happen. Not as long as I'm here to protect you.
No one should suffer for someone else's mistake.


I'm ready to go. How is everyone?
Recovering. I think the next time we deliver some food here we should scan it first.
Not a bad idea.
Goodbye, Mindiz. Don't get into any trouble without me.
I'll try.
Although, I'm going to be on my own again until you come back.
I promise you, no matter what...
You'll never be alone.
See, I'm starting to learn already.
I'll be the judge of that.
Because I know that Agent Kallus is going to have more tricks up his sleeve.
The End.

Eyes on the Prize





Author: JEREMY BARLOW Artist: BOB MOLESWORTH Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


"...Let's go nab us a Jedi, then."
Lothal. A little later.
Okay...
...who thought *this* was a good idea?
Oh, right... it was *me*.
"We got him."


That's him all right, Fissol. Looks like a real powerhouse, too.
Looks more like a kid to me. Wouldn't a Jedi be older than that?
You really don't know anything about Jedi, do you?
They don't age the same as we do. They might even age backward.
Everyone knows that.
That kid's probably an old man. Means we'd better stay sharp.
Looks like your local contact's info was right on the money.
Lucky for us. You hit him so hard he might be out cold forever.
Yeah, well.
If this didn't pan out I was gonna say we go back and knock that Duros into next week, too.
Who says we still can't?


C'mon!
Come on, legs - think strong...
...think Jedi!
Yes!
Nice trick! I'd be impressed...


...If I didn't already know that Jedi can *fly*.
You think *I'm* a Jedi?
Well...
...you're right!
Oof!
You guys should run on out of here before you get into *real* trouble.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10!




Where is Ezra?!
Has anyone seen him?
He told me he was going on an errand for *you*.
Kid, you're going to be the death of me.


No wonder the Jedi were all wiped out. Bunch of wimps.
Kid's heavier than he looks.
It's those dense Jedi bones. Let's hope they pay us by the pound.
You think he's heavy?


You should try *me*.


What were you *doing* out here, Ezra?
I found these caves a while ago. I thought it might be a good place to practice my training...
...and maybe work on some new moves.
I'm glad you're doing the homework. But do me a favor from now on?
Be *smart* about it. And always let someone know where you're going.
What about those two? They know we're here.
You were tricked.
We were tricked.
"There aren't any Jedi on Lothal."
"There aren't any Jedi on Lothal."


"Whoever sent you here can't be trusted."
"They're playing a prank on you to make you look foolish."
"You're going to go find them and settle the score."
"We're going to find them and settle the score."
Oh, geez...
You can say that again.
The End!


The fake Jedi
That's it – bring her in nice and easy. Not too hard...
Author: MARTIN FISHER
Artist: BOB MOLESWORTH
Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL
Well, I should at least get an A for effort.
CLANG!
Hera's gonna kill me when she sees this damage.
Least I picked a nice, secluded place to set down – wherever this is.
Why is the forest spinning and colourful? I'll have to tell Sabine – she'll love this...
I'm not going to fall down. Definitely not...
THUD!


Later on.
Oh, my head...
Hello?
Where am I!?
AHH!!
You are **safe** here on **Vyndal**, Stranger. If you had remained in the forest, the night creatures would have killed you.
My son sometimes **frightens** easily. It's not your fault.
Thanks for the **save**. I'm sorry I startled your child.
I don't know what you did to my shoulder, but **thanks**.
Your **gratitude** is **noted**.
I must take you to our **village leader, Yeleb The Protector**.
He has requested your presence the moment you awoke.


I have brought the stranger as you instructed, Leader Yeleb.
My name is Kanan Jarrus. I was fleeing from the Empire when my ship was attacked by TIE fighters and...
I already know this, stranger.
And yet I cannot sense anything about your nature. You are a closed book to me.
I must have the truth one way or another...
VUMMM!
And so I must use other methods at my disposal.
You... have a lightsaber – the weapon of the Jedi.
This is more than just a weapon.
It is also a symbol of hope, one that allows us all to survive.
Believe me, I know only too well.
I request a private audience.
I keep no secrets from my people.
Then how come I've just figured yours out?


Ever since I saw and listened to you something **felt "off"**. You **claim** to be a **Jedi** but you **don't act like one**.
You **dare** to **question me**!?
I warn you, Stranger Jarrus - I don't use my abilities often. **Do not** force me to give you a demonstration.
I once knew a Jedi Knight.
Merely **having** a **lightsaber didn't make** him what **he was**. He had to **prove** he was **worthy** enough to wield the blade to **use** it **responsibly**.
And he certainly **didn't use** it **as** some **toy** to try and **intimidate** anyone.
WWWWWAAA
I will **not** have my **authority challenged** in this manner!
What manner would you like?
What happens next is of your own making.
Stand your ground and prepare to **defend yourself**, if you can!
That's OK - I've **got** the **time**. Take as long as you like.


RRAAHH!!
What!?
This *isn't* possible!?
Anything's possible, when you know how.
Protector Yeleb, you are *needed inside...*
CRACK!
By the gods!
Look out - *above you!*
THUMP!!!



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A few minutes later.
Greetings stranger. What brings you to our humble dwellings?
I am the Inquisitor. My men and I are searching for a criminal that was seen close by. Where is he?
I'm sorry but there is no criminal here. You must be mistaken.
There is no mistake. Your denial is a lie – one you cannot hide from me.
I can sense his presence and you are clearly trying to cover for him – an act that will cost you unless you cooperate.
You dare to come here and accuse me of lying! You must leave, now!
So be it.
Troopers! Ransack the village!
Burn every home and dwelling down and search every centimetre of this infestation until you find him!
Looking for me?
As a matter of fact I was.


How *selfless* of you to *protect* these *primitives*. *Surrender* now and we *won't raze* this *village* to the ground.
VVVzzzzzMMM!
Like your *word* is *worth anything*.
Right now, it's the *only thing here* that's *worth something*.
That's not true!
Another Jedi! This is indeed a *surprise*.
How many more *Padawans* have you taken?
He's *not* my *Padawan*.
Then you won't be emotionally compromised when he dies.
UGGH!
VVzzMM!!
It seems you have much spirit...


But very *little skill.*
AAGGHH!!!
All troops after the Jedi.
Bring him *down* at all costs!
Protect your homes!
Stand up to the invaders!
PHWG!
Stranger Jarrus...
Keep fighting them! Don't back down!


Get onboard the ship – *stop* the *Jedi* from *leaving* this *system*!
These people are worthless without their protector, anyway.
CHOOM!
CHOOM!


A few moments later.
You're a *Jedi*!
We saw the ship with you inside leave...
I set the ship on *autopilot* and *jumped out* the forward window as it was taking off. How is he?

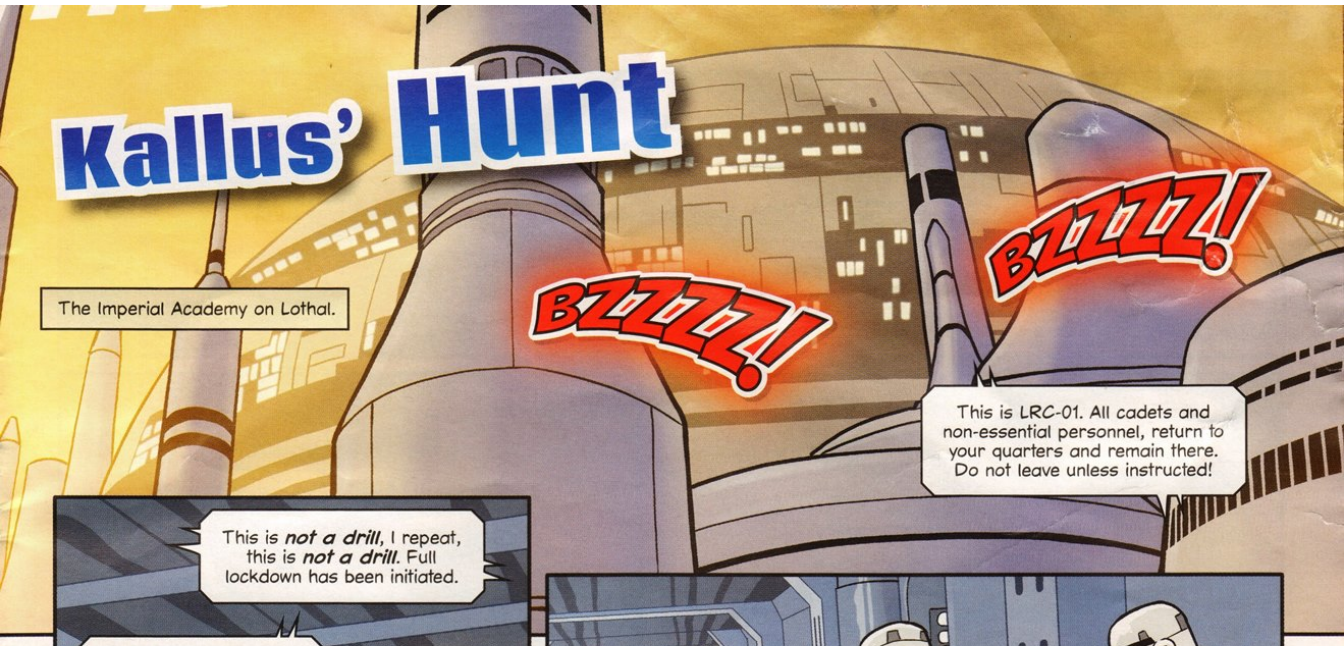

There's nothing I can do for him.
Kanan... some protector I was...
Easy, Yeleb. The *Imperials* are *gone*. Everyone's *safe*. They fought off the stormtroopers themselves.


I brought this... upon myself. Please forgive me... I only wanted... to *do good*...
You *did good* and your *actions* were *worthy* of any *Jedi*.


Thank you...


Protector Yeleb has fallen and we have no future.
You have much skill and courage. Would you stay here and show us the wisdom that you carry?
I can't do that.
I'm fighting against the Empire for everyone in the galaxy, and having met all of you, I now have others to fight for.
But we cannot survive on our own. We don't know what the future will bring us.
Nobody does, that's a part of what makes us all unique.
Standing up against the Empire's tyranny is about giving everyone a choice – and Yeleb's courage at the end should act as a symbol of what lies ahead.
You've proved you can stand up for yourselves now it's all up to you to carry on.
Yeleb proved he could be a good man – make sure you never forget that.
I have to repair my ship. With his lightsaber gone, the Empire should have no reason to return here.
One day I'll return here and see what you've built on your own – once the galaxy is free.
And from what I've seen, I know I won't be disappointed.
The end.

Kallus' Hunt





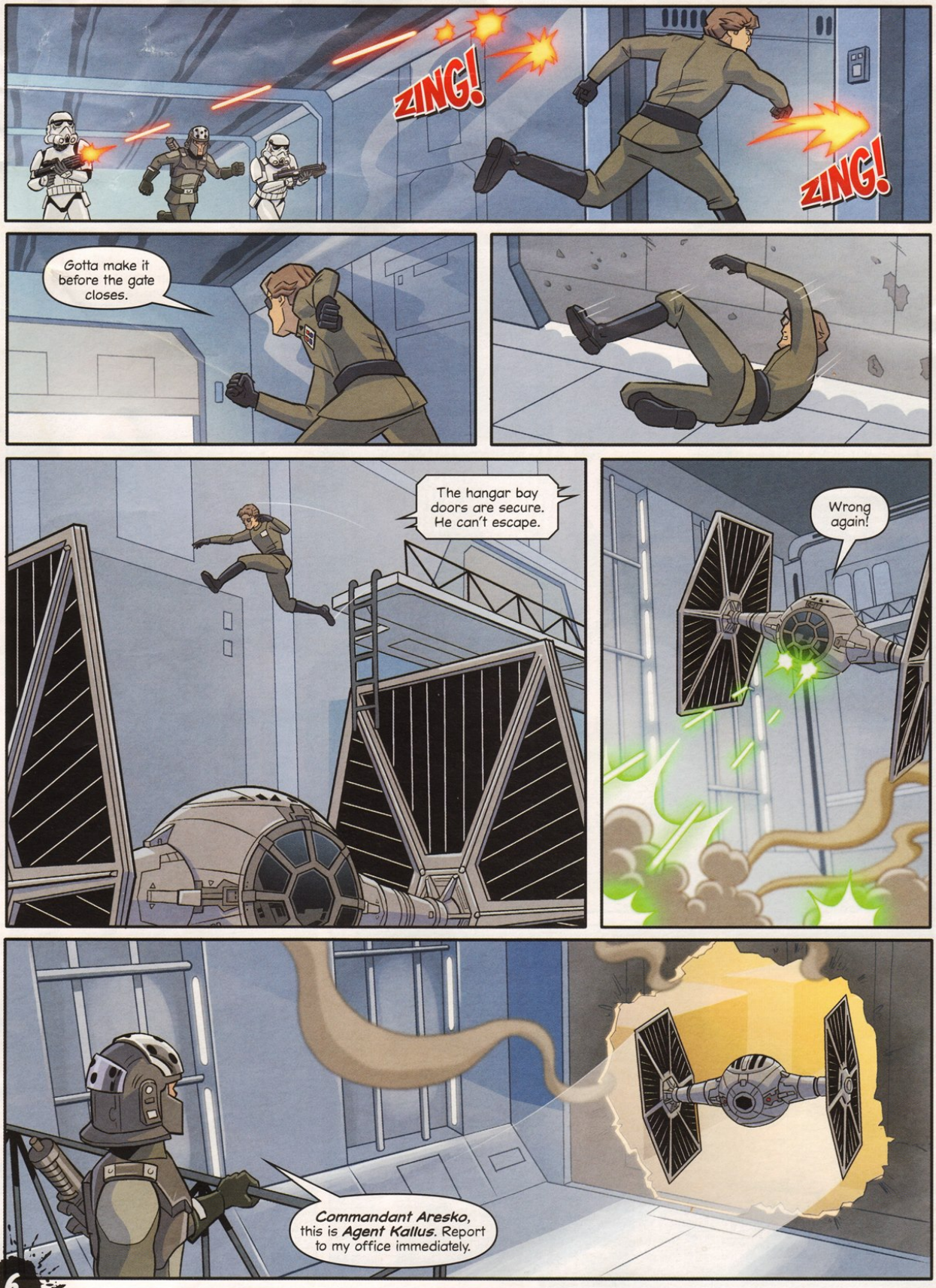


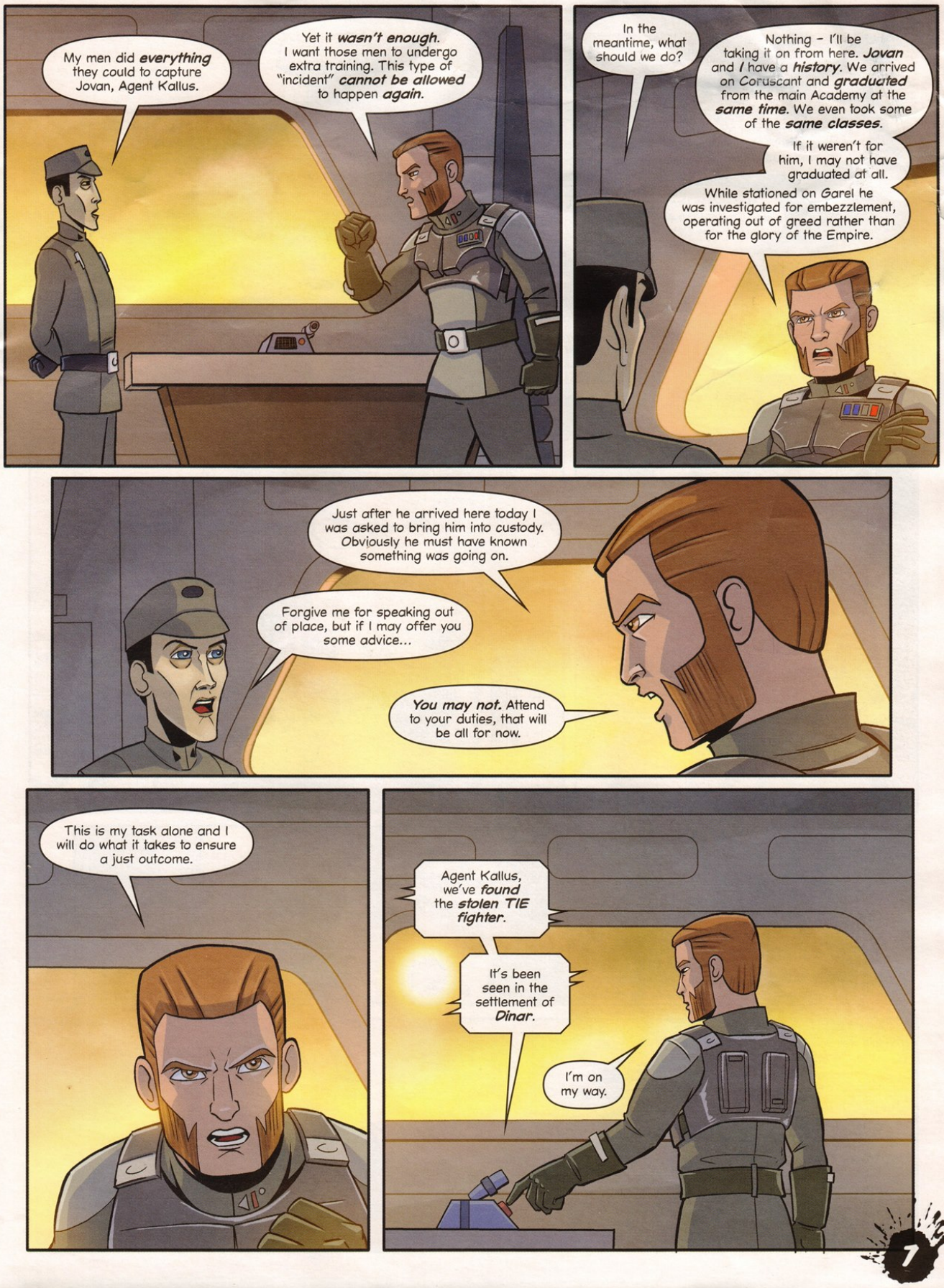


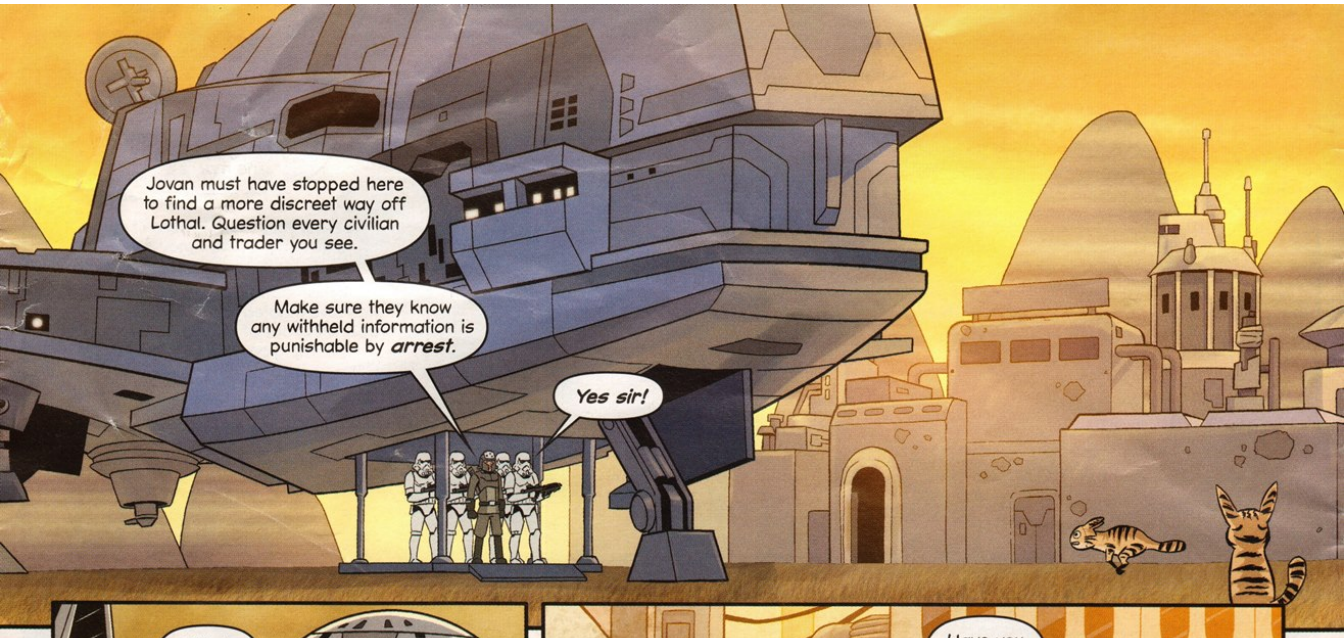




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ZING!
ZING!
Gotta make it before the gate closes.
The hangar bay doors are secure. He can't escape.
Wrong again!
Commandant Aresko, this is Agent Kallus. Report to my office immediately.

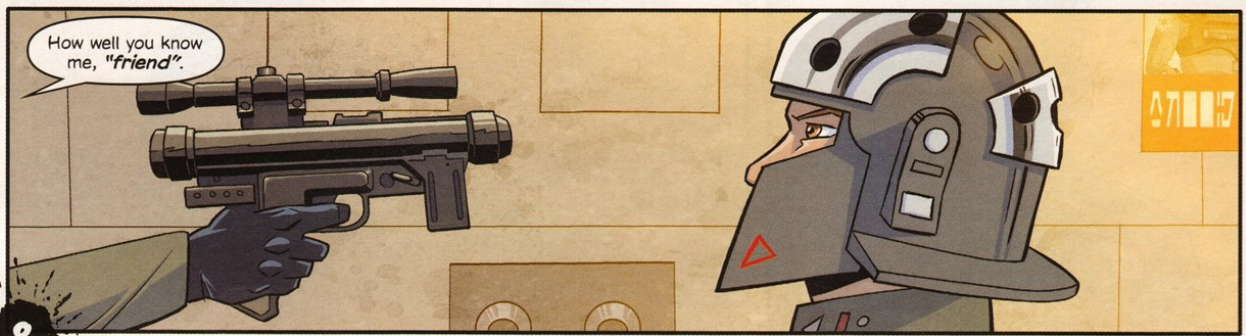

My men did ***everything*** they could to capture Jovan, Agent Kallus.
Yet it ***wasn't enough***. I want those men to undergo extra training. This type of "incident" ***cannot be allowed*** to happen ***again***.
In the meantime, what should we do?
Nothing – I'll be taking it on from here. ***Jovan*** and ***I*** have a ***history***. We arrived on Coruscant and ***graduated*** from the main Academy at the ***same time***. We even took some of the ***same classes***.
If it weren't for him, I may not have graduated at all.
While stationed on Garel he was investigated for embezzlement, operating out of greed rather than for the glory of the Empire.
Just after he arrived here today I was asked to bring him into custody. Obviously he must have known something was going on.
Forgive me for speaking out of place, but if I may offer you some advice...
You may not. Attend to your duties, that will be all for now.
This is my task alone and I will do what it takes to ensure a just outcome.
Agent Kallus, we've ***found*** the ***stolen TIE fighter***.
It's been seen in the settlement of ***Dinar***.
I'm on my way.


Jovan must have stopped here to find a more discreet way off Lothal. Question every civilian and trader you see.
Make sure they know any withheld information is punishable by *arrest*.
Yes sir!


This is TK-517.
I am by the stolen TIE but there's *no sign* of the *pilot*.
Spread out and continue the search. We'll find him sooner or later.


Have you seen this man?
Make sure you answer truthfully or you'll face arrest.
I'm sorry I haven't.


I know you're here somewhere, Jovan.
Operating in the shadows, secretly so no one knew – that's very much your style.


How well you know me, *"friend"*.


I don't feel I can call you "friend" anymore.
After all I did for you and for all we went through together, that's a very short-sighted choice.
It's a shame you can't see what I've seen.
I'll tell you what I see.
A man who's betrayed everything he worked for and everyone who ever knew him, because he felt he was better than that.
You simply misunderstand me, Kallus.
I merely learned the system and I played it to my advantage.
Isn't that what the Empire is about - gaining wealth and power to secure one's own future?
The Empire is about protecting the galaxy from chaos and tyranny by bringing order to the masses!
You've forgotten that and now you're going to have to pay for your actions. Surrender.
I'm glad you remembered something I taught you - about never giving up.
I'm going to ask you this only once. Walk away! Don't follow me - because deep down you know what I said is right.
You know I can't do that.
Then you know what will happen next.



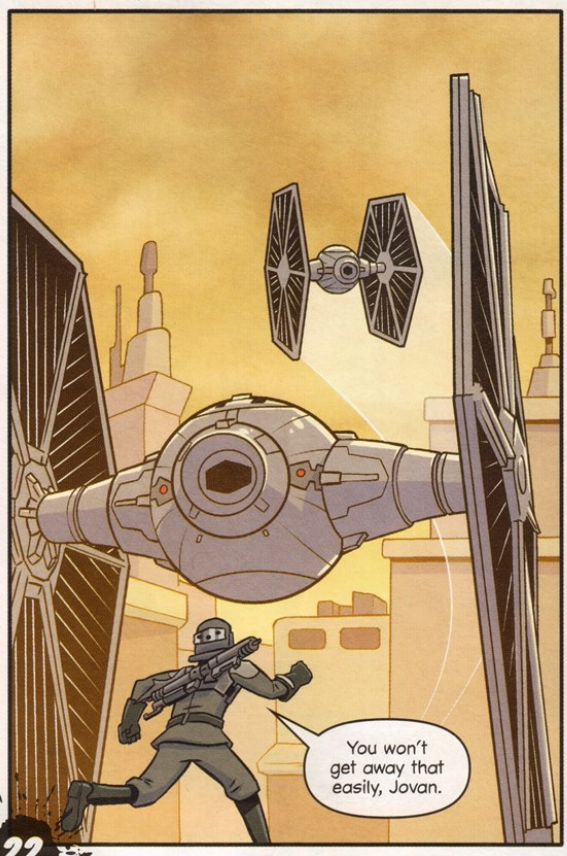
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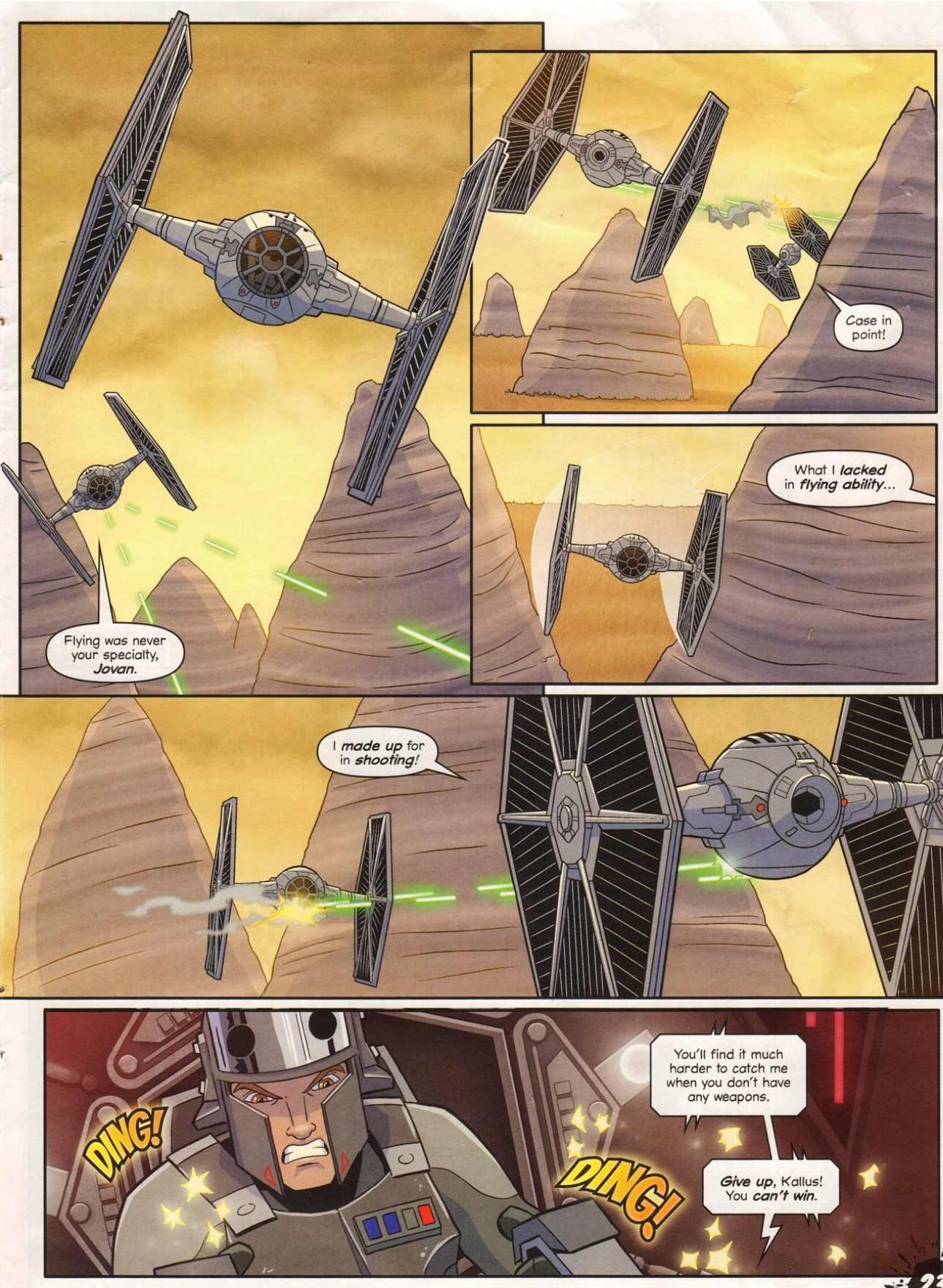


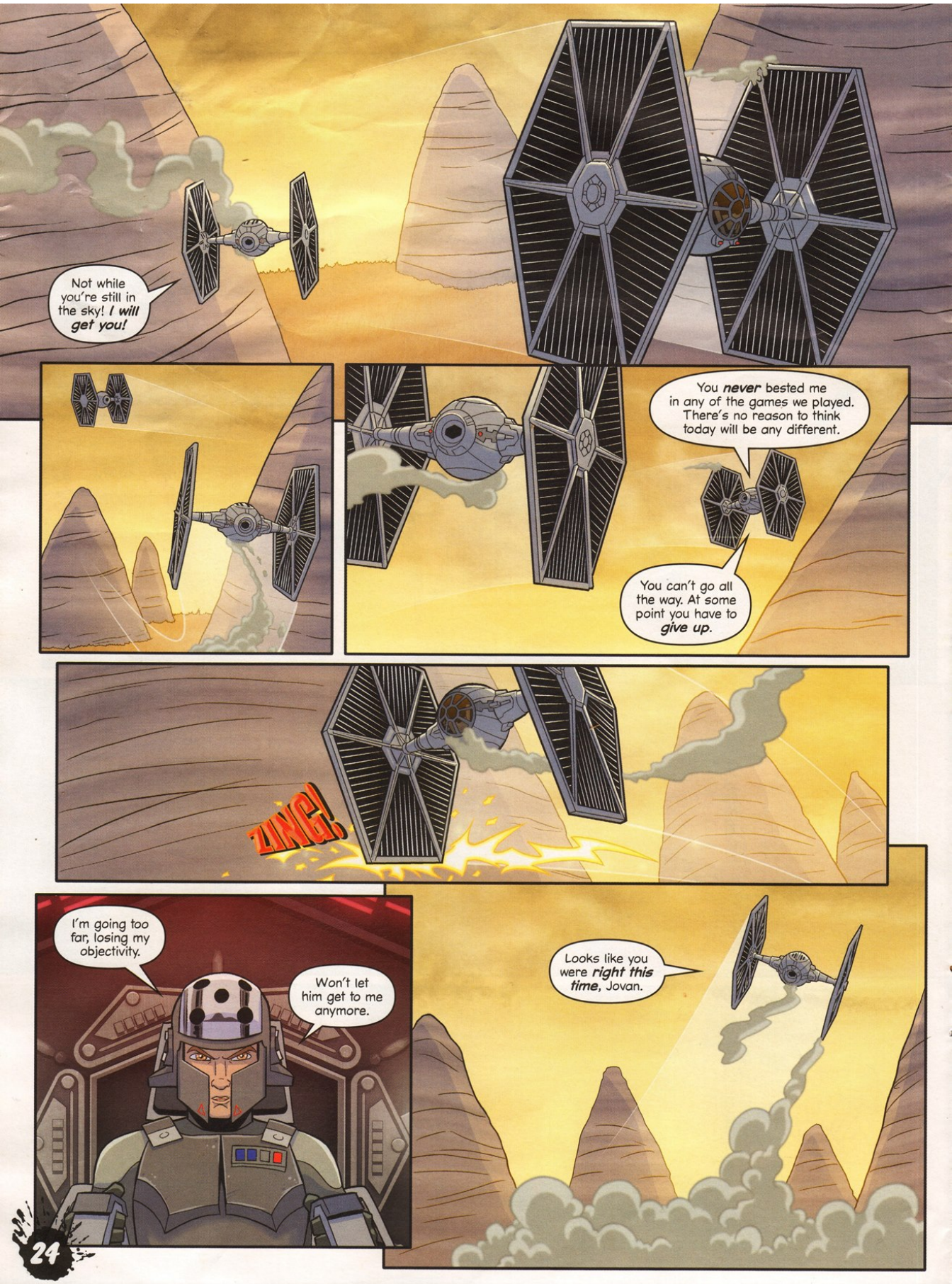


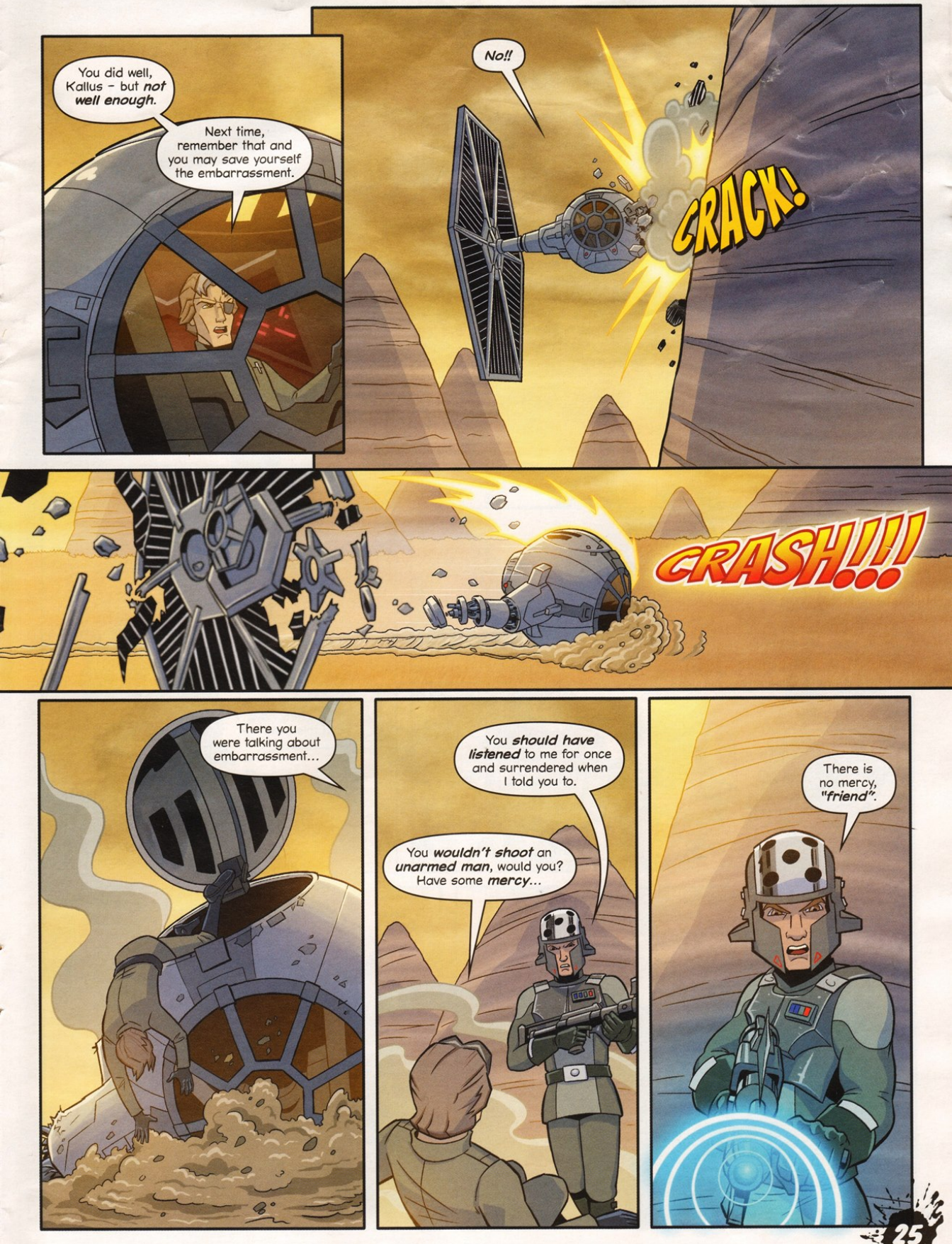




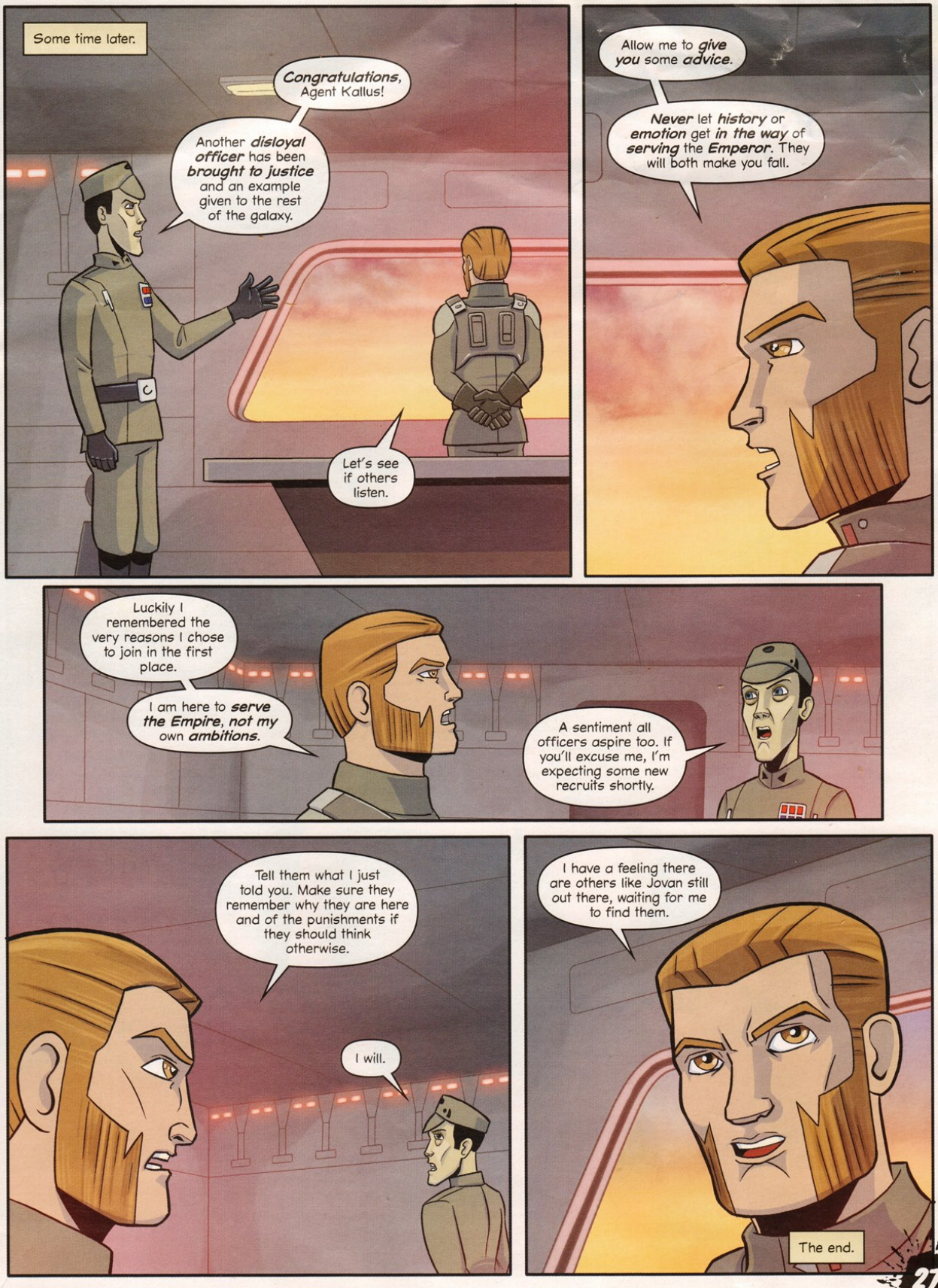



Flying was never your specialty, Jovan.
Case in point!
What I lacked in flying ability...
I made up for in shooting!
DING!
DING!
You'll find it much harder to catch me when you don't have any weapons.
Give up, Kallus! You can't win.

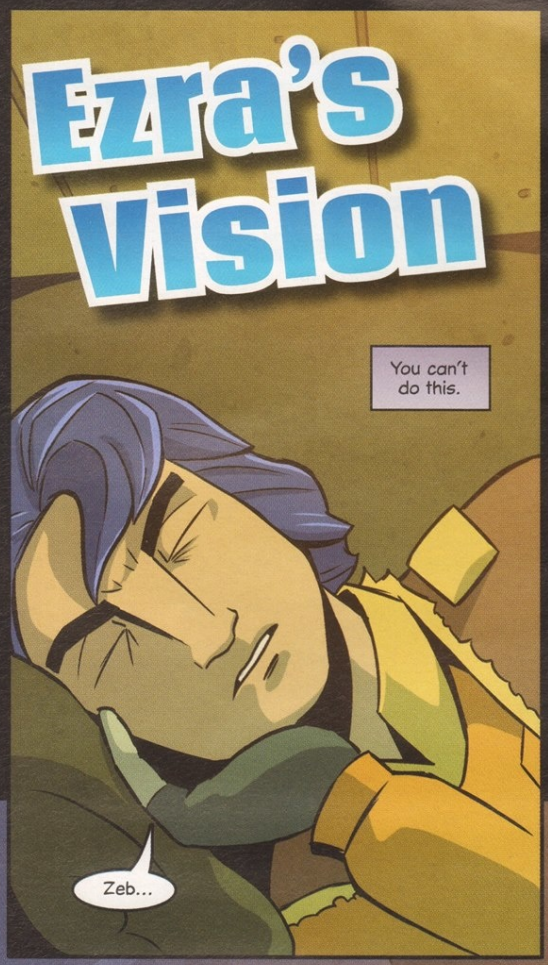

Not while you're still in the sky! I will get you!
You never bested me in any of the games we played. There's no reason to think today will be any different.
You can't go all the way. At some point you have to give up.
ZING!
I'm going too far, losing my objectivity.
Won't let him get to me anymore.
Looks like you were right this time, Jovan.


You did well, Kallus – but *not well enough*.
Next time, remember that and you may save yourself the embarrassment.
No!!
CRACK!
CRASH!!!
There you were talking about embarrassment...
You *should have listened* to me for once and surrendered when I told you to.
You *wouldn't shoot* an *unarmed man*, would you? Have some *mercy*...
There is no mercy, "*friend*".


Later...
The prisoner is secure, sir.
Take him away. I'm sure he'll enjoy his time in an Imperial cell.
I never really thought you would go the whole way.
I hope you know why you lost.
Enlighten me, as I always enlightened you.
Because I learned from you, and how ironic it is that I put your "enlightenment" into practise.
And this is the end result. I should say this once more for old times' sake.
Thank you. If not for your example, I may have failed this task.
Until we meet again, Jovan.
I hope that we do.
This is Commandant Aresko to Agent Kallus. I need to discuss some matters with you, please let me know when you are back at the academy.


Some time later.
Congratulations, Agent Kallus!
Another disloyal officer has been brought to justice and an example given to the rest of the galaxy.
Let's see if others listen.
Allow me to give you some advice.
Never let history or emotion get in the way of serving the Emperor. They will both make you fall.
Luckily I remembered the very reasons I chose to join in the first place.
I am here to serve the Empire, not my own ambitions.
A sentiment all officers aspire too. If you'll excuse me, I'm expecting some new recruits shortly.
Tell them what I just told you. Make sure they remember why they are here and of the punishments if they should think otherwise.
I will.
I have a feeling there are others like Jovan still out there, waiting for me to find them.
The end.

Ezra's Vision











Author: MARTIN FISHER • Artist: BOB MOLESWORTH • Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


The next day.
... and then someone **kills Zeb** with the **lightsaber** but I can't see who it is.
It's the **third time** I've had this **vision** but I **don't understand** what it means. Have you got any ideas?
It could mean everything, and nothing. Just remember what happened after you had the vision about Senator Trayvis.
If you **think** about it too **much**, you'll allow the **dream** to **dictate** your **actions** and put everyone around you at risk.
So what should we do? **Stay out** of **Zeb's way**? Not that I'll miss the smell...
You can't dwell on something that **may happen**. And just because someone uses a lightsaber, doesn't mean it's either you or me.
Zeb's our friend and I don't want to see him get hurt.
If there is a choice to make I'm **sure** you'll make the **right one**.
Besides – with Zeb away in the *Phantom*, we're out of his way.
Kanan, the *Phantom's* re-docking.
So soon, Hera?
Zeb says he's got some **urgent news** for us.


I met our contact and exchanged information. One part of it **wasn't good**.
The Empire's put a **big bounty** on **our heads** and someone was asking around for **information** on us.
Whoever they are, they're going to need **a lot** of luck.
Only if we don't foul anything up.
Any ideas, Kanan?
We follow our **routines as normal**. And when someone shows up, we'll deal with them as best as we can.
Kanan's right. We should just let events unfold rather than try to second-guess them.
WAA-WAP-WAP?
Don't worry, Chopper – I won't let anyone turn you in, no matter the price.
The only people who know about this bounty are the select few who the Empire told, so we'll probably be **OK** for the **moment**.
I mean, it's not like someone's going to try something the moment Zeb gets back is it?
BANG!


It's OK – the main power cell **overloaded**. If we have a spare cell and a little wiring I can **repair it.**
I have some in my cabin, I'm just not sure where.
WAP WAP BA BA.
Chopper knows where some spare wiring is.
Sabine, you get the cell while Chopper fetches the rest. Meet back here right away.
I'll be back in a moment. I need to get something from my cabin.
Wow, that was some really **bad timing** there.
More like **comedy timing**. Next time you mention something falling part, let's **hope** it doesn't happen.
WAP WOP WOP?
You have **terrible timing**, droid.
WWAAAAHHH!!!
CHHOM
Chopper!


How is he?
He'll be fine once I get the damage repaired. But it's going to take some time, which we currently don't have.
I can tell you Chopper was hit by a blaster, but we all carry one. Which makes us all suspects.
But the question is, why?
I heard the shot and found Chopper like that so it couldn't have been me.
I know Chop's not my favourite droid, but why would I want to shoot him?
Because I've lost count on the number of times you've threatened to do it.
Don't be ridiculous, Hera! You're sounding crazy.
Calm down everyone.
The routine we were talking about, we're falling out of it already. We'll find out who did it soon enough.
Ezra? Ezra, are you ok?
Where are you going?
To check something out.
I have a hunch.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10!




Hera, are you...
I'll be *fine!* Just *get after* the *shape-shifter.*
Ezra and Zeb are on it. And if anyone can, Zeb can.
Playing with these fools has been far more *entertaining* than I imagined.
KHOOM
And there's still so much more I can do to them before *claiming* the *bounty.*
This is Spectre-6, no sign of the shape-shifter in the back. I'm on my way to the cargo bay.
Why hello there...
I was hoping we'd bump into each other again.


Bump being the key word here.
BANG
All too easy.
AHHH!
Not so easy now is it!
RAHH!!
Give it up, Lasat!
You first!
Come one, Ezra. It's me... Zeb.
He's not Zeb, I'm Zeb. Can't you tell?
Both of you stay where you are and don't move.
If either of you try anything I'll be forced to use this.
In my dream... it's me holding the lightaber.
I'm the one that kills Zeb.


Kid, Ezra, you know me, right? I'm Zeb and he's the fake.
He's playing with your mind. Don't let him.
Take him out, kid. If you keep on hesitating you'll only make things worse.
I...I can't decide.
I don't know which of you is telling the truth.
I don't want to hurt my friend.
I'm not the one you're after. Don't buy into his lies. Be rational!
There's no choice. Someone is lying.
It's not me!
I'm pleading with you, put down the...
Get back!
Stop hesitating and make a decision!
I...I can't...
You have no choice!


ZING
It's *over*.
You... you *did it*.
I'm *relieved*. You could have shot me.
Ezra, I heard blaster fire, are you...
I'm fine. We've *got* our *shape-shifter*, although it could have been different.
He came pretty close to cashing in on us.
What do we do with him now?
Drop him off on the next world we pass.
He may not deserve it, but we have to show compassion... even for our enemies.


A short time later.
Kinda wished we'd stayed behind on that moon to see the Clawdite's face when he woke up... to find himself in the middle of no-where.
Any chance he said why he shot Chopper?
Because Chop caught him morphing into Ezra, and didn't want him blowing his cover.
I didn't feel good. I mean, my vision pretty much came true.
I suppose it did. You got someone who looked like Zeb, but it wasn't OUR Zeb. There's only one of those, and that's all we need.
You made the right decision and we're all very pleased that you did.
How did you tell them apart?
The most obvious way possible...
One Zeb smelled and the other didn't. As Kanan said, we only need one Zeb and can you imagine if they both had that smell?
Thanks. I don't know if I should take that as a compliment.
You should. It's probably the only time I'll say something good about it!
The end.

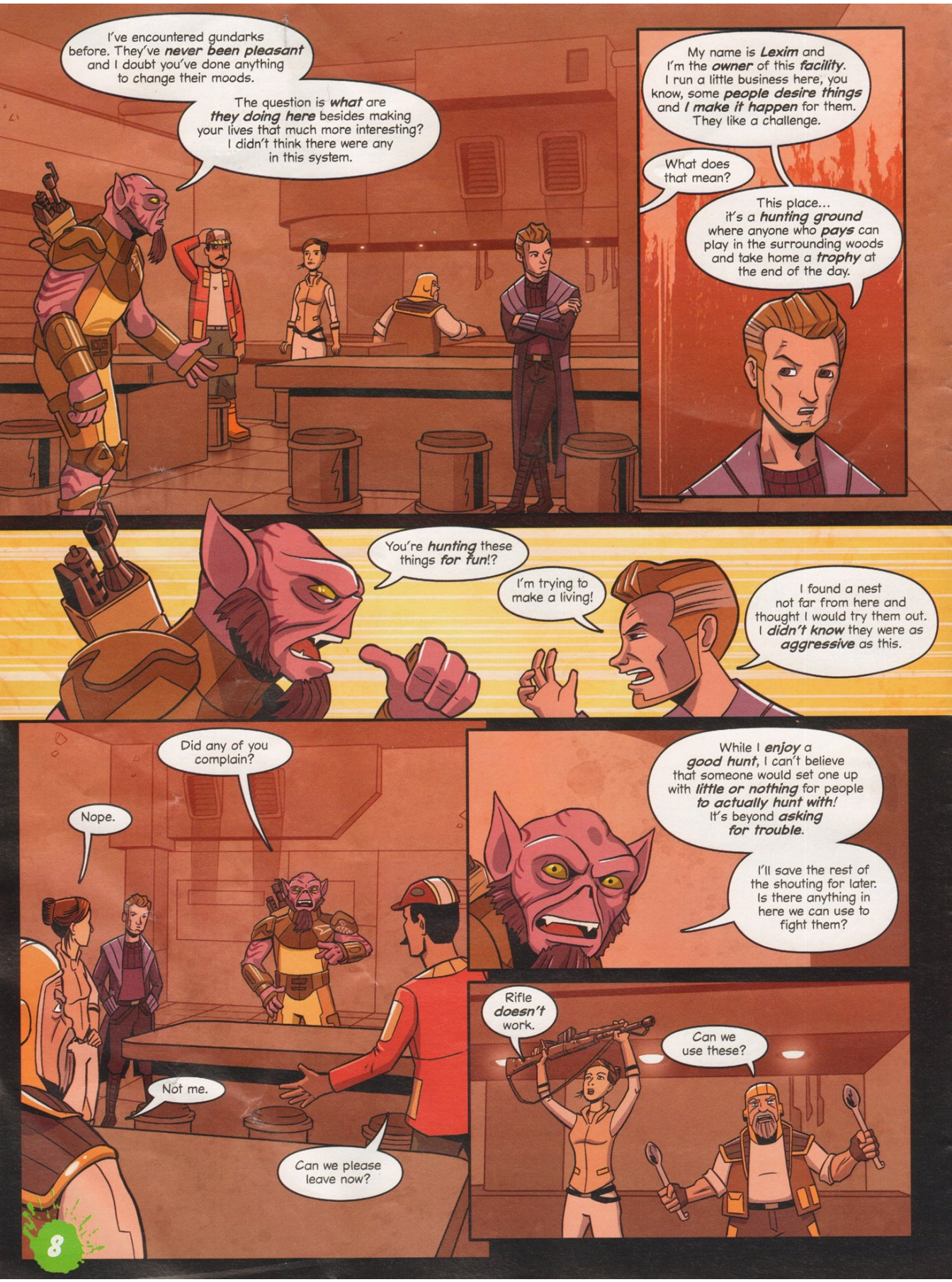
Becoming Hunted



Author: MARTIN FISHER • Artist: BOB MOLESWORTH • Editor: GUNTHER NICKEL


You... just destroyed my door!
Who are you anyway?
Zeb's the name. I picked up your distress call in my ship, the Phantom, and came to help. Although you didn't exactly make it easy to reach you.
We had no choice. We couldn't let them reach us.
Who's "them"?
The creatures. They've been trying to get at us ever since they got loose. Didn't you see them?
Nope, can't say that I did.
Well, I assure you they are out there.
And not to panic you or anything, but that door you burst open was the only thing stopping them from getting in.
Alright, I get it. I'll make sure "whatever they are" won't get in.
Karabast!
CRASH!
RRRAARRR!
A gundark!


Help me!
CHOOM!
Zeb, you...
Thank me later.
All of you get inside! Where there's one there's usually a few more behind it.
RRUUMMBLLE...
Hurry it up! It sounds like there's an entire hoard behind us.
Sorry guys...
No vacancies this side!
SLAM!


I've encountered gundarks before. They've never been pleasant and I doubt you've done anything to change their moods.
The question is what are they doing here besides making your lives that much more interesting? I didn't think there were any in this system.
My name is Lexim and I'm the owner of this facility. I run a little business here, you know, some people desire things and I make it happen for them. They like a challenge.
What does that mean?
This place... it's a hunting ground where anyone who pays can play in the surrounding woods and take home a trophy at the end of the day.
You're hunting these things for fun!?
I'm trying to make a living!
I found a nest not far from here and thought I would try them out. I didn't know they were as aggressive as this.
Did any of you complain?
Nope.
Not me.
Can we please leave now?
While I enjoy a good hunt, I can't believe that someone would set one up with little or nothing for people to actually hunt with! It's beyond asking for trouble.
I'll save the rest of the shouting for later. Is there anything in here we can use to fight them?
Rifle doesn't work.
Can we use these?


My ship can carry us away from here but we need a way back out to the landing platform and fast.
And I'm guessing the way I came in is swarming with nasties.
No way am I going back out there!
Those creatures could be anywhere waiting for us, and I don't want to take the risk.
You'd rather do nothing and let them come to us instead of "trying"? That's suicide.
Don't we get a say in this? You know, we did pay you to be here and we should all decide. Not just you.
I'm truly sorry for what's happened. Those things were far more than I bargained for and I should never have brought them here.
Mr. Wad, tell me you understand. I know you don't want to face them.
You're right. I don't want to face them, but...
I don't want to stay here, waiting for them to get in. But we have to do something, or go down trying.
I'm sure you didn't mean things to get like this. It isn't your fault.
Actually, it's not strictly true... what I said about finding them here.
I know what gundarks are like, and I had them shipped in from off-world.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10!




There's never a Jedi and his Padawan around when you need them.
Lexim, maybe you could try getting us out of here!?
KNOCK!
AAHHH!
UGGHH!
I... I... I...
Thanks for nothing, Lexim!
Look out for me when I come back to haunt you!
I... I have to get over this...
Got to try and do something...

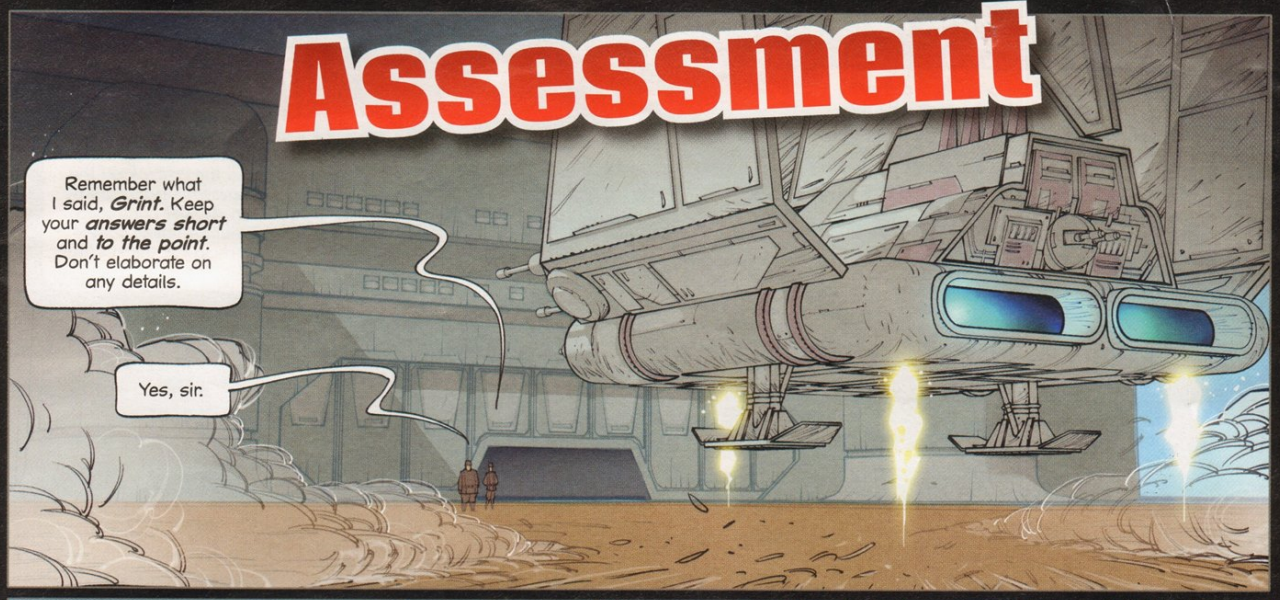

I must make things right!
FFRTTZZZ!
You lot have caused more than enough trouble for one day!
FFRTTZZZ!
It's funny what you can do when you *don't think* about it too much.
SWIPE!
Thanks for the save. You're *not bad* with a *Bo-rifle*. When did you last use one?
I *never* have *until today*.
The only way out I know is the same way you came in. Which means plenty more of them.
Sounds appealing, I only wish it really was though.
We'd better get going while we have a chance... and fast.

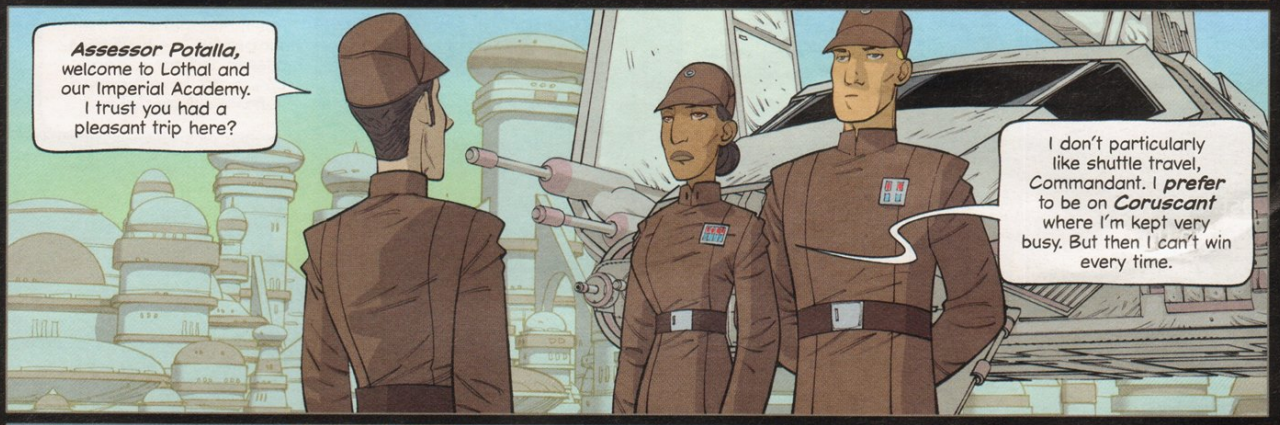

A few moments later.
Anything coming *after us* back there?
Don't worry about that, just *keep running.*
Actually I'm a little curious now.
I'm going to say no.
Then *why* are you firing?
For fun. You know, because there's been a lack of it since I got here.
When you get out just keep on running until you see a *small ship*. That's our way out of here.
Believe me, we *won't stop*.
Did I *thank you* for coming to our aid, *Zeb*?
No, you didn't. *Thank me once* we're actually *off this planet*.
But we're home and free. What else could...
AAHHH!


Get up, Lexim. Let's go!
I can't. The creature *injured* me...
Just get out of here. I'll hold them off.
I knew I should have got that ceiling checked.
This is *no time for jokes!*
It's the perfect time.
Making it this far... is more than I deserve. The creatures got some of my staff... I can't be forgiven for that...
I'm giving you a *second chance*. Don't be a fool!
Give everyone else that chance. *They deserve* it *more than me.*
See you around, Zeb. It's been fun.
No fear.
CRACK!
SLAM!
Where's Lexim?
He's staying.


Later, on board the *Ghost*.
We've just made the jump to hyperspace, although I ***can't say*** I have ***much sympathy for you***. Maybe you should consider another hobby instead of hunting creatures.
Yes. Thank you, Captain Hera.
You know, it's weird. Even though ***Lexim did wrong***, ***I felt sorry*** for him.
He showed ***true courage*** at the end and really wanted to make amends.
Maybe he found a way out? It was his facility after all.
I hope so. We could use more people like him to fight the Empire.
When I was a child on Lasan, a ***friend of mine*** told me that a ***fierce creature*** attacked him in an ***underground cave***. He went alone, thinking he was brave enough.
Turns out he was pretty scared.
He ***wasn't alone*** either. His ***elder brother followed*** and ***attacked*** the ***creature, allowing my friend*** to ***escape. No one*** ever ***saw*** his ***brother again***. I sometimes wonder, after all I've seen if the sacrifice was worth it.
I'd say the ***brother saw something*** in his sibling that he ***couldn't see in himself***. That he would have succeeded in the future where the elder brother would have failed. And Lexim probably thought the same of you.
Who's to know if any sacrifice is always worth it? But time always tells. ***What happened*** to your ***friend?***
I ***don't know*** but I hope to find out. His story helped teach me about ***courage*** and I need to ***repay him for it.***
The end.

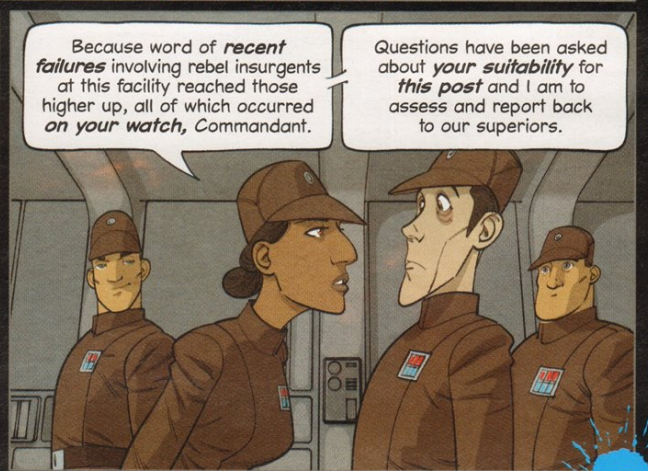
Assessment


Remember what I said, Grint. Keep your answers short and to the point. Don't elaborate on any details.
Yes, sir.


Assessor Potalla, welcome to Lothal and our Imperial Academy. I trust you had a pleasant trip here?
I don't particularly like shuttle travel, Commandant. I prefer to be on Coruscant where I'm kept very busy. But then I can't win every time.


I see.
May I present Taskmaster Grint. He and the other officers here have been instructed to fully comply with any request you make.
This is my aide, Dunum. I believe you've already met.
Yes, he served here prior to being assigned to your office.

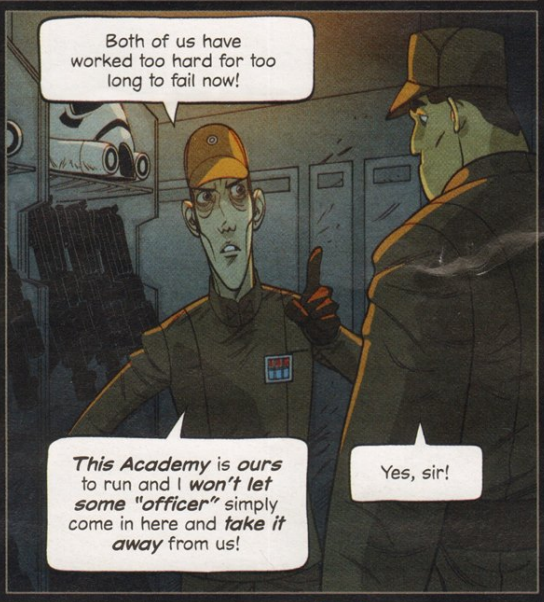

You and your men should carry on with your daily routines. Try to think of us as not being here at all.
If I may say so, it's very difficult to do so since you are here and asking questions, and I'm not quite sure why.

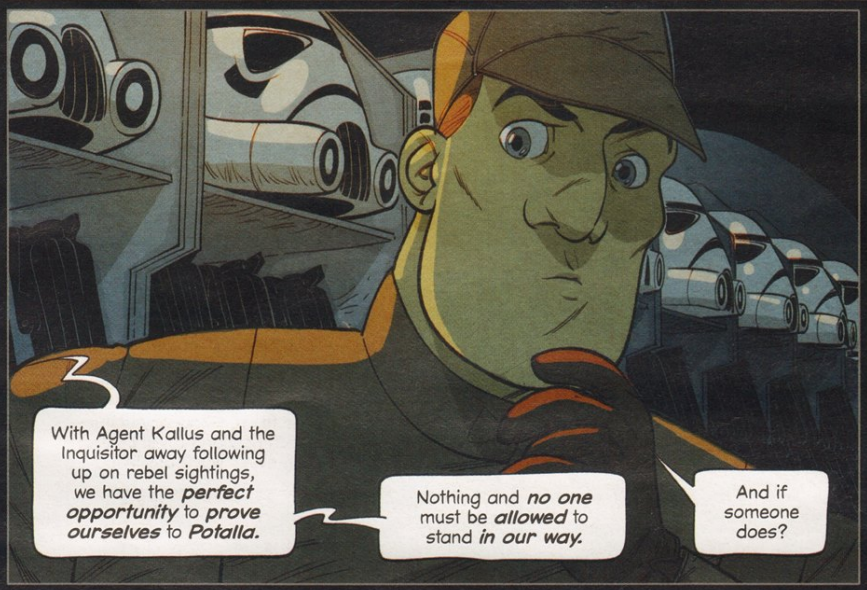

Because word of recent failures involving rebel insurgents at this facility reached those higher up, all of which occurred on your watch, Commandant.
Questions have been asked about your suitability for this post and I am to assess and report back to our superiors.


Let's start off with the *theft* of *Imperial weapons* by the insurgents. *Both of you* were *present* when this happened, were you not?
Yes we were *but...*
And after this there were *two incidents* involving *stolen TIE fighters* and the *attack* on the *Academy grounds* by an *AT-DP* controlled by undercover cadets working for the rebels.
That *first stolen TIE* was *not our* direct *responsibility...*
But the *AT-DP was.* And there was the time when you *failed to stop* our ex-Commander *Jovan...*
...from leaving the Academy as you stood and watched.
Do you see the same *pattern I'm seeing* here?
If I may say something, Assessor.
Commander *Jovan's breakout* was an *isolated case,* as was the attack by the rebel cadets, which I point out *was repelled.*
You'll find that since then our procedures have been altered and our *records clean.* We have *learned from* our *mistakes.*
There is *one more incident:* The *destruction* of the *TIE prototype* on Empire Day. Or did you *forget that?*
No, of course not.
Good, because many others haven't either.
I should warn you both now that any *further incidents* down the line will *result in repercussions.*
What those are I cannot guess, but I would not like to be there to receive them. Show any signs of weakness now and it will cost you, in every way possible.

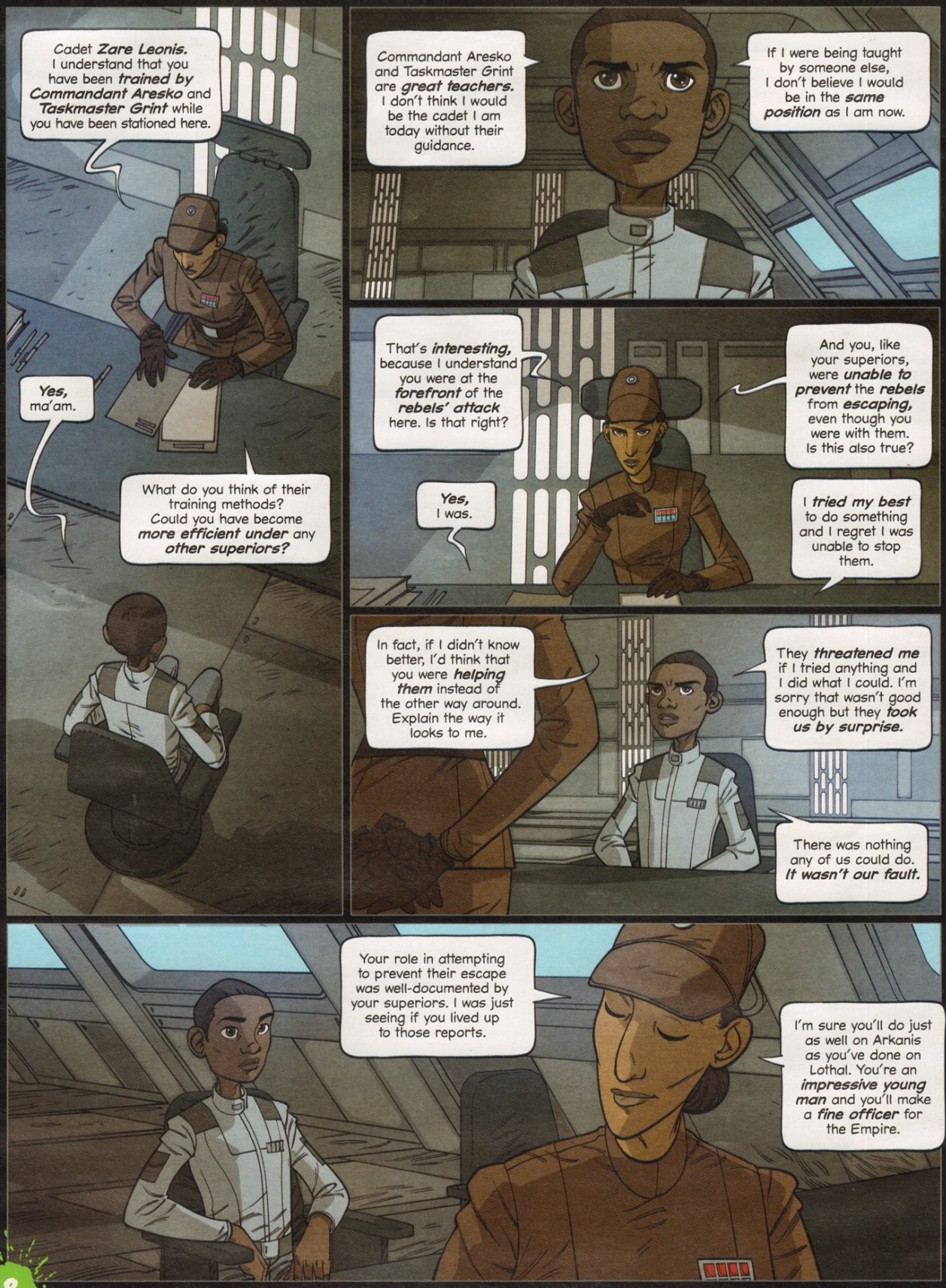

What are we going to do, sir?
We're going to play this out as best as we can and...
...not let her intimidate us into making any mistakes.


We both agree that the Assessor has to see us in the most positive light possible.
But how?
By doing what's necessary.


Both of us have worked too hard for too long to fail now!
This Academy is ours to run and I won't let some "officer" simply come in here and take it away from us!
Yes, sir!


With Agent Kallus and the Inquisitor away following up on rebel sightings, we have the perfect opportunity to prove ourselves to Potalla.
Nothing and no one must be allowed to stand in our way.
And if someone does?


We will make them regret it.


Cadet **Zare Leonis.** I understand that you have been **trained by Commandant Aresko** and **Taskmaster Grint** while you have been stationed here.
Yes, ma'am.
What do you think of their training methods? Could you have become **more efficient under** any **other superiors?**
Commandant Aresko and Taskmaster Grint are **great teachers.** I don't think I would be the cadet I am today without their guidance.
If I were being taught by someone else, I don't believe I would be in the **same position** as I am now.
That's **interesting,** because I understand you were at the **forefront** of the **rebels' attack** here. Is that right?
Yes, I was.
And you, like your superiors, were **unable to prevent** the **rebels** from **escaping,** even though you were with them. Is this also true?
I **tried my best** to do something and I regret I was unable to stop them.
In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd think that you were **helping them** instead of the other way around. Explain the way it looks to me.
They **threatened me** if I tried anything and I did what I could. I'm sorry that wasn't good enough but they **took us by surprise.**
There was nothing any of us could do. **It wasn't our fault.**
Your role in attempting to prevent their escape was well-documented by your superiors. I was just seeing if you lived up to those reports.
I'm sure you'll do just as well on Arkanis as you've done on Lothal. You're an **impressive young man** and you'll make a **fine officer** for the Empire.

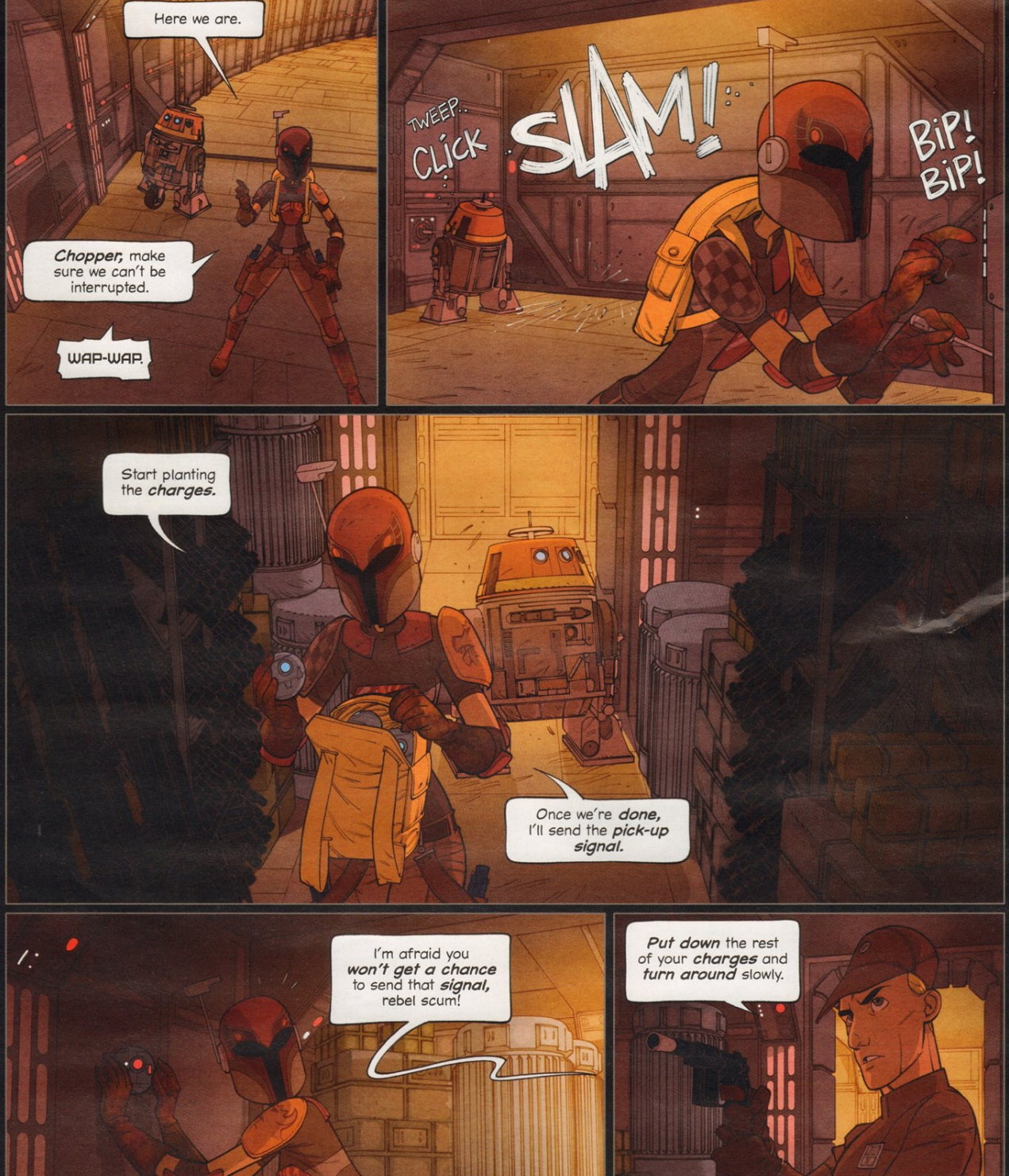

Later on.
I've been reviewing the training methods you use on the cadets. I spotted a number of flaws that could prove to be counterproductive in their education.
I believe what I do is right for the students. They respond better than your average cadet and make more efficient troopers in the long run.
I'm afraid I can't agree.
I know the Empire demands obedience but some of your actions could be deemed as "harsh" and could lead them into other places. Say... rebellion?
I'd like to ask you a personal question, if I may?
Go ahead.
How did you get to be an assistant to Potalla so quickly after you left?
I earned it. Why do you ask?
Because you were here with us when all these incidents occurred and you're in the clear.
Get to the point.
This is about you, not the Commandant and me. Got your eye on something greater have you? Say, this academy?
My only goal is the smooth running of the Empire and its facilities.
After seeing the mess you and Aresko have made, and if the opportunity arose, why wouldn't I want to make this a great facility again.
BRZZZZZ!
BRZZZZZ!
This is LRC-01!
Everyone man your posts!
We've got intruders in the Academy!
BRZZZZZ!



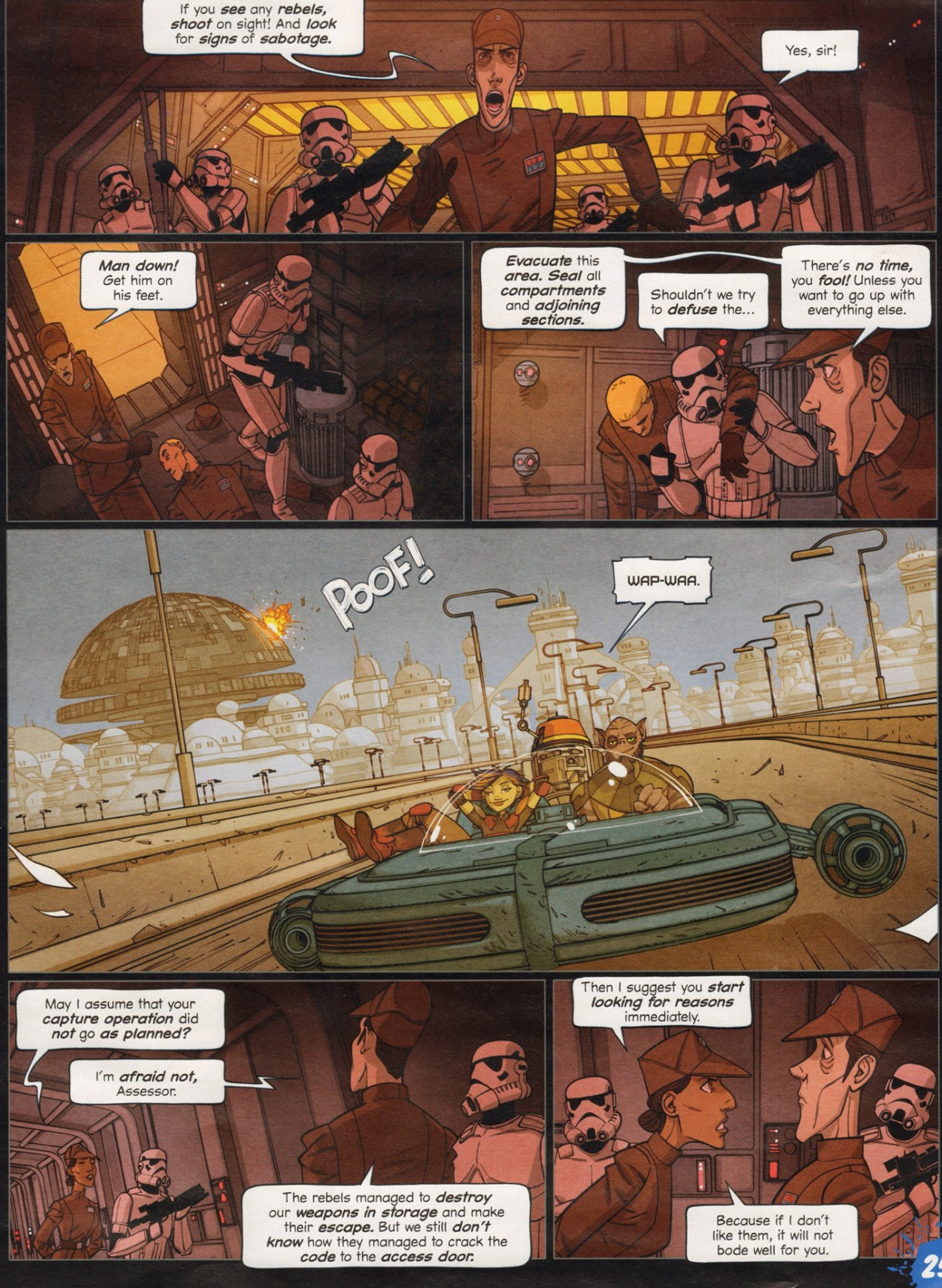
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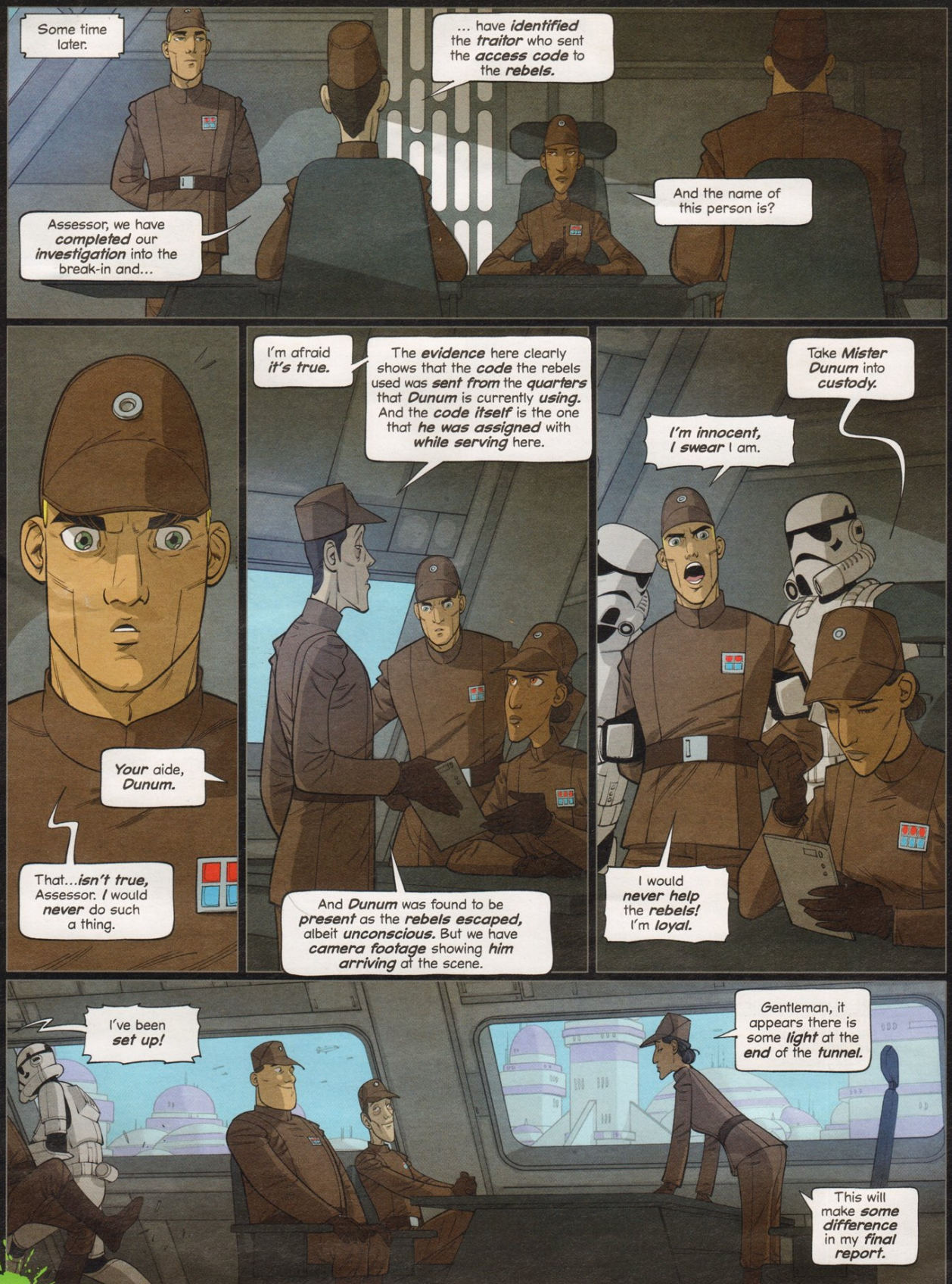
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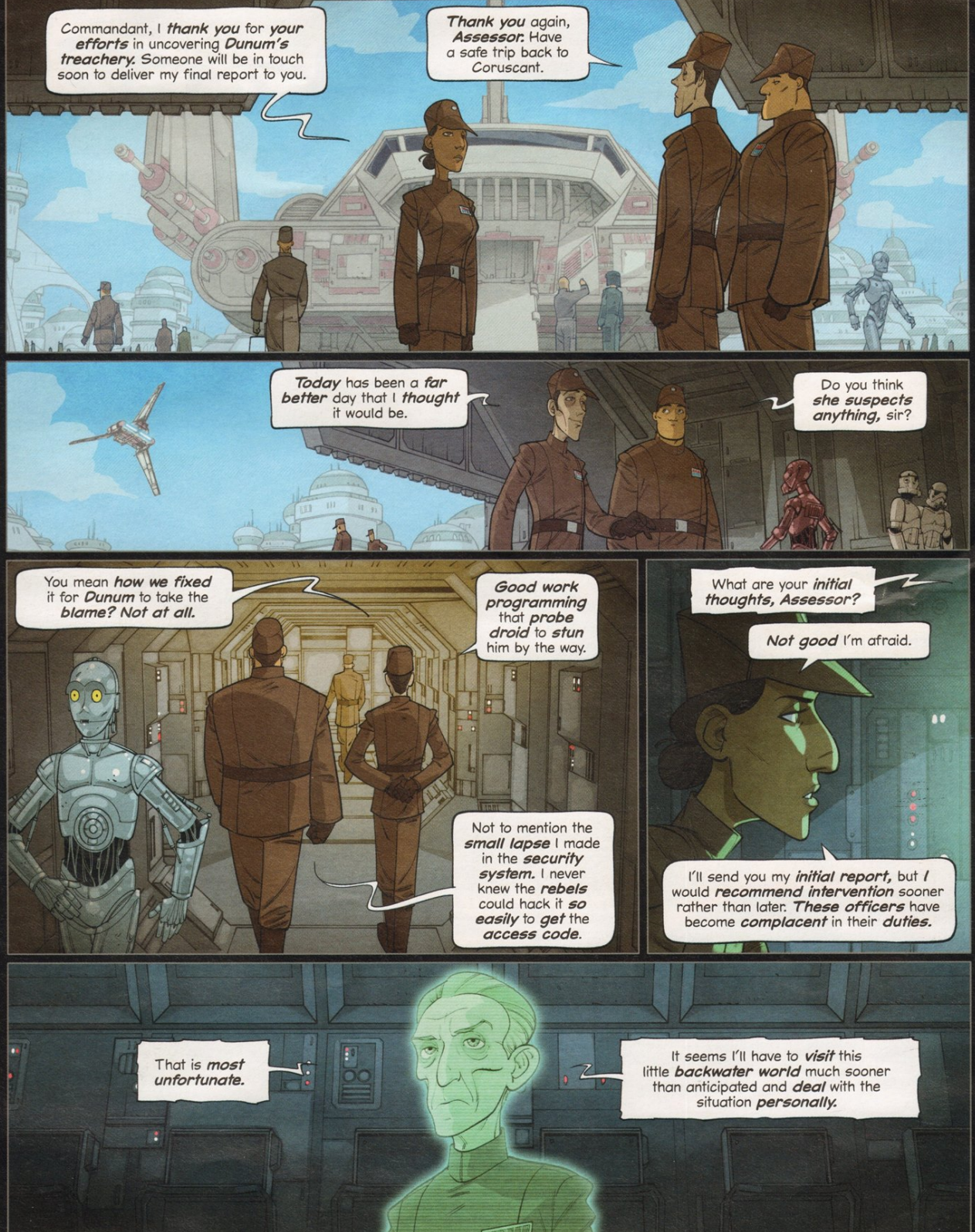



Here we are.
Chopper, make sure we can't be interrupted.
WAP-WAP.
TWEEP...
CLICK
SLAM!
BIP! BIP!
Start planting the charges.
Once we're done, I'll send the pick-up signal.
I'm afraid you won't get a chance to send that signal, rebel scum!
Put down the rest of your charges and turn around slowly.
You're both under arrest.


Arrest? The way you guys run things on Lothal we'd be lucky if we ever get a rest.
Is that supposed to be funny?
I was going for amusing, but we can call it funny if you want.
It doesn't matter what you call it!
I've just saved this Academy from yet more failure. And after I've been rewarded for my success, I intend to see to your disposal myself.
Do you have any preferences as to how I do it?
UGH!
PAF!
I don't know who did that and I don't care.
I'll finish with the charges, you take care of the wall.
WAP-BA.
BOOM!
Ok, I've sent the pick-up signal.
Once we're on our way it's show time.


If you *see* any *rebels, shoot* on sight! And *look* for *signs* of *sabotage.*
Yes, sir!
Man down! Get him on his feet.
Evacuate this *area. Seal* all *compartments* and *adjoining sections.*
Shouldn't we try to *defuse* the...
There's *no time,* you *fool!* Unless you want to go up with everything else.
POOF!
WAP-WAA.
May I assume that your *capture operation* did *not* go *as planned?*
I'm *afraid not,* Assessor.
The rebels managed to *destroy* our *weapons in storage* and make their *escape.* But we still *don't know* how they managed to crack the *code* to the *access door.*
Then I suggest you *start looking for reasons* immediately.
Because if I don't like them, it will not bode well for you.


Some time later.
Assessor, we have completed our investigation into the break-in and...
... have identified the traitor who sent the access code to the rebels.
And the name of this person is?
Your aide, Dunum.
That...isn't true, Assessor. I would never do such a thing.
I'm afraid it's true.
The evidence here clearly shows that the code the rebels used was sent from the quarters that Dunum is currently using. And the code itself is the one that he was assigned with while serving here.
And Dunum was found to be present as the rebels escaped, albeit unconscious. But we have camera footage showing him arriving at the scene.
Take Mister Dunum into custody.
I'm innocent, I swear I am.
I would never help the rebels! I'm loyal.
I've been set up!
Gentleman, it appears there is some light at the end of the tunnel.
This will make some difference in my final report.


Commandant, I thank you for your efforts in uncovering Dunum's treachery. Someone will be in touch soon to deliver my final report to you.
Thank you again, Assessor. Have a safe trip back to Coruscant.
Today has been a far better day that I thought it would be.
Do you think she suspects anything, sir?
You mean how we fixed it for Dunum to take the blame? Not at all.
Good work programming that probe droid to stun him by the way.
Not to mention the small lapse I made in the security system. I never knew the rebels could hack it so easily to get the access code.
What are your initial thoughts, Assessor?
Not good I'm afraid.
I'll send you my initial report, but I would recommend intervention sooner rather than later. These officers have become complacent in their duties.
That is most unfortunate.
It seems I'll have to visit this little backwater world much sooner than anticipated and deal with the situation personally.
The end.